WEEK-DAY SERMONS IN KING'S CHAPEL

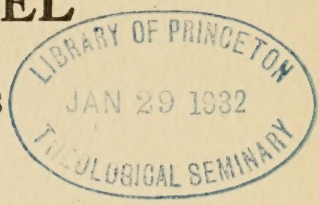
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

WEEK-DAY SERMONS IN KING'S CHAPEL

SERMONS PREACHED TO
WEEK-DAY CONGREGATIONS
IN KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON



BY

PETER AINSLIE; BISHOP WILLIAM F. ANDERSON; DEAN CHARLES R. BROWN; REV. JAMES GORDON GILKEY, D.D., PRINCIPAL L. P. JACKS; ALEXANDER MACCOLL; BISHOP FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL; OSCAR E. MAURER; WILLIAM P. MERRILL; FREDERIC W. PERKINS; PROFESSOR HARRIS FRANKLIN RALL; RICHARD ROBERTS; MINOT SIMONS; PROFESSOR THEODORE GERALD SOARES; DEAN WILLARD L. SPERRY; WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN; PRINCIPAL R. BRUCE TAYLOR; ELWOOD WORCESTER.

EDITED, WITH A FOREWORD,

BY

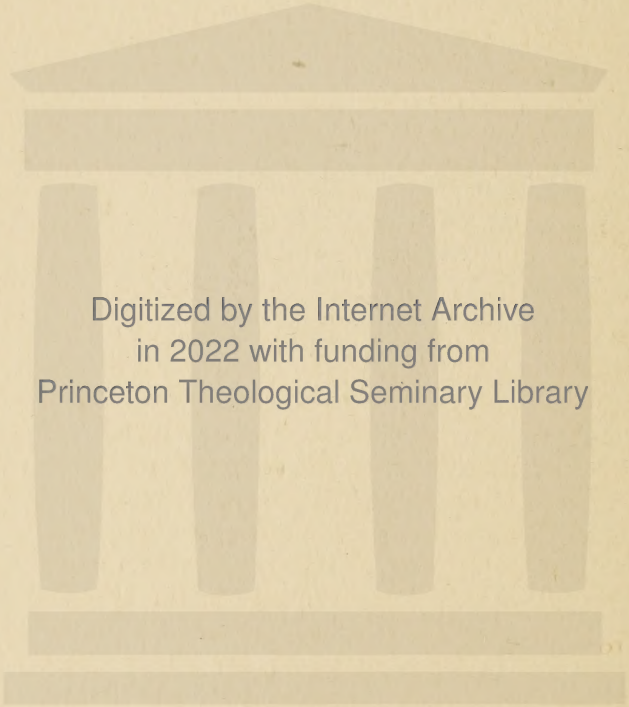
HAROLD E. B. SPEIGHT

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1925

Set up and printed.
Published October, 1925.

Printed in the United States of America by
J. J. LITTLE AND IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY
OF THE PIONEERS OF
CHRISTIAN UNITY
WHO PREPARED THE CHURCHES
FOR THE LARGER FELLOWSHIP
OF TO-DAY



FOREWORD

A church situated in the heart of a large city is compelled to-day to face a serious problem created by changed and changing conditions. Its opportunity for ministry to a permanent constituency of any considerable size is likely to be limited by the scattering of families towards the outskirts of the city; by the inevitable and natural desire of city workers, confined on week-days to indoor tasks, for a weekly day of rest that will give a complete change from the city; by the facilities for rapid transportation which bring the country within the reach of all. The down-town church may adopt either of two attitudes towards such changes. It may bemoan its fate, condemn the interests which have carried off its adherents, cling as long as possible to methods which were suitable in other days, and then at last realize a cash return for its site in order to build a modern "plant" in the suburbs and start life anew. Or it may examine the limitations involved in its location and see whether they cannot yield a hitherto unsuspected opportunity. Imagination can sometimes transfer liabilities into the list of assets. If the aim of a down-town church is not merely to survive but to serve, it can adapt its service to the conditions which surround it, opening its doors when people are within reach of

them, and bringing its ministrations into close touch with their daily needs.

The sermons in this volume were preached to week-day congregations in King's Chapel, Boston, where services are held every week-day except Saturday for seven months of the year. For such services the location, at one of the busiest corners of the business district, is a distinct asset. The historic building, erected in 1749 (the first stone building in Boston), the old pulpit dating from 1717 (the oldest in the country still in use on its original site), the quiet retreat to be found within the massive granite walls that shut out the roar of traffic, the inescapable sense of enduring and spiritual realities that pervades the building and takes possession of the most casual visitor, all combine to offer an equipment of a unique character. Daily the Paul Revere bell summons from offices, stores, and streets a company of worshipers who come for the inspiration they believe they may find in the quiet of the sanctuary, in the ministry of great music, in the act of faith which unites rich and poor and wise and ignorant in a common prayer, in the message spoken from the pulpit with the authority of sincerity and the power of sympathy, in the uplifted song of universal hope and praise. The spirit of the service is carried by the radio into many distant homes and hospitals, and even into workshops and factories where groups gather to listen in during the noon rest.

The visiting preachers are drawn from many religious communions and from various parts of this country and abroad. The co-operation of these

leaders, willing to come for three or four days at a time, has made the venture possible. With representative preachers of different denominations succeeding one another week by week no suspicion has been possible that the enterprise is inspired by sectarian ambitions, and the notable agreement in emphasis which has marked the contributions of the visitors from so many fields of labor has demonstrated how close in spirit and purpose are the progressive leaders of Protestantism in our time.

Already, at the close of the second season of the present enterprise, one or two conclusions seem to be justified—seem, indeed, to be unavoidable. In these respects results have confirmed the expectations entertained at the outset. First is the conclusion that when the Christian Faith is proclaimed in its own right as an attitude of trust and confidence that gives to everyday tasks a new worth and meaning, as a mood of the spirit that will bless all life if it becomes habitual, as an acceptance of the challenge of life, the good tidings are heard gladly and the pulpit is accorded as great a respect as it ever had. When the ministrations of the Christian religion are brought freshly to the hearts and souls of men and women by those who speak out of a rich experience and a great sympathy, when its message is set free from confusing, irrelevant, and debatable propositions claiming to be authoritative and essential points of belief, the response is as genuine and as grateful as it ever was in earlier days. Men and women consciously in need of a vitalizing, healing, and saving faith, for lack of which their days are spent in carrying the burdens

of anxiety with impaired energy, wrestling with despondency, trying to escape from the toils of fear, or finding new ways of killing time, are willing and glad to interrupt the day's work and seek a new perspective, a more satisfying motive, and a more real success. And as is the life of individuals in need of faith, so is their life in its co-operative endeavors. Within the nation there is class-spirit, unyielding in its reliance upon force; there is selfish sectionalism exhibited by various groups; there is individualism which rejects all self-discipline. These are signs always of the lack of unifying and universally authoritative conceptions and motives. Everywhere there is this challenge to the Christian Faith, not so much to justify itself on intellectual grounds to a skeptical world as to validate itself in its distribution of spiritual power. Men and groups of men who understand and freely use every other known kind of power have ignored or failed to make vital connection with the ultimate and most important of all kinds of power, the power of spiritual purpose. To demonstrate anew the value of that power, to offer it to men not in suppliant appeal for their condescending acceptance, but with the authoritative and winning conviction that compels attention, to interpret it where it is not yet understood, to apply it where it is gravely needed for the redemption of life from triviality and foolish waste, is the appropriate function, the urgent duty, and the most rewarding service of the Christian Church in our day.

A second conclusion is that the larger faith proclaimed by those who call themselves, or are com-

monly understood to be, liberal Christians is not, as has so often been said of it, cold and intellectual in its appeal. On the contrary, when it is proclaimed with the authority that always belongs to sincere speech, with an urgency that springs from a sense of responsibility, with a tender sympathy for wayward, sinful, blind, and burdened souls, it is a veritable evangel, moving the heart and quickening the reserves of energy into action. "Modernism," writes one who has no sympathy with liberal tendencies of thought, "results in a steadily diminishing ardour in the spiritual side of life." The remark comes from one who could have found evidence to the contrary within a stone's throw of the study in which he wrote. Emotionalism is not necessarily "ardour in the spiritual side of life"; abandonment of revivalistic methods does not necessarily spell decline of concern for the souls of men and women. A faith that is at least not in conflict with the ordered knowledge by which we live, a faith that rests on the certainties of our being rather than on debatable matters of historical or unhistorical record, is a faith so full of hope for men, so moving in its appeal for co-operative service, so universal in its regard for human need that its issue is not only in ardor but in action.

The old Chapel was once an unwelcome intruder in the life of Boston. "His Majesty's Chapel in New England" gravely offended Puritan sentiment. But on the two hundredth anniversary of its pulpit Dr. Francis G. Peabody could say of it that "set like a great, gray boulder amid the haste and fret of the city life" it had "remained through all the pass-

ing years, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The sermons here gathered, selected with difficulty from among the many lately preached, are worthy of the traditions of a pulpit which, in the words of the same interpreter, himself a son of King's Chapel, "has spoken the same gospel in the changing accents which the changes of time compelled,—one language in varied dialects, the gospel of the devout life, the message of the spirit." They are now offered to a wider audience as a contribution from one church to the many movements which in our time are exemplifying Christian Unity.

HAROLD E. B. SPEIGHT.

King's Chapel,
September 1, 1925.

CONTENTS

WEEK-DAY SERMONS IN KING'S CHAPEL

THE PARABLE OF THE ABSENCE OF GOD.

PRINCIPAL L. P. JACKS, Oxford

"The Kingdom of Heaven is as a man travelling into a far country."——Matthew xxv. 14.

In these days most thoughtful persons who believe in God believe in him as an ever-present reality in their lives and in the world. There is no point in space and there is no moment of time in which God is not. He is present everywhere and always a motion and a spirit that pervades all thinking things, all objects of all thought. We call that the "immanence of God." "The constant presence of God" is a familiar expression of our religious phraseology. We use it in hymns, we use it in prayers, we repeat it in sermons. We carry this thought to great lengths. We affirm that God is not only present as a spectator might be present to see what is going on upon the stage of the world, but that he is an active partner in everything that happens; so that nothing can take place in nature, or in history, or in our personal experience without God contributing to make it what it is, without the event or the experience having some quality, or tone, or aspect which it owes to the operating presence of the divine spirit within it. God is present in the good things so far as we know that they are good and rejoice in them, and

he is present in the evil things so far as we know that they are evil and hate and oppose them. He is within us as the spirit of joy; and he is within us as the spirit of grief and righteous anger. It may be that we carry a heavy cross; but the moment that we recognize that it is a *cross* and not a mere piece of timber that we carry the divine quality is present and God is there. In all these things God asserts his presence, not as a mere spectator, but as an active partner in what is going on. To such lengths have we carried the thought of the constant presence of God. And we have done well in that; we have obtained by it a much deeper and truer view of the divine nature than those men who thought of him as a distant ruler of the universe, observing it with an ever-watchful eye, but himself having no part in its joys and sorrows, its victories and defeats, its vicissitudes, dramas and tragedies.

That is the "immanence." Now for the "transcendence." Though God is always present, we are not always aware of his presence, and we are not intended to be. It would be impossible for beings with a nature such as ours to bear the strain of being constantly aware of so momentous a reality as God. We should be overwhelmed, blinded and paralysed, and wholly unfitted to play the part and to bear the burdens assigned us. So far as our awareness of God is concerned he is absent more often than he is present, and must be so if the work of life is to go on at all.

This is the point on which the Parable of the Talents turns. The subject of it is, we may say, *the absence of God.* The absence of God is here

presented as the other side to his presence, and the two are so closely connected that we cannot understand the one unless we also understand the other. The master of our lives is represented as one who *goes away:* one who leaves us behind. He is as a man travelling into a far country, out of sight and out of sound of those whom he has left in charge of his goods. He is absent, he is absent for long; but he is not absent for ever. His absence is no abandonment; he will come back in his own time, and he leaves us for our own good. "It is expedient," said Jesus, "that I go away."

What the divine presence means for you while he is here, depends on how you bear his absence while he is not here. Bear his absence well, and then, when he comes back, you shall enter into the joy of your lord and be made a ruler over cities. Bear it ill, misuse it, make it an opportunity to forget him and to betray him, as you easily may, and the result will be that, when he returns, you will not even know him, you will not recognise him in his true character as your saviour and your friend, but will think that he is a hard man, a tyrant and an oppressor, reaping where he has not sown and gathering where he has not strawed. Your loyalty in his absence is precisely what enables you to understand his presence and to rejoice in it. Your treachery in his absence is precisely what blinds you to his presence, and turns it into a calamity. Thus the presence and the absence of God, the immanence and the transcendence, are woven together, and the spiritual life becomes the harmonious rhythm of the two.

It is the nature of all spiritual realities to be unobtrusive. They do not strive nor cry, nor lift up their voices in the street. They do not force themselves upon our observation. For the most part they are fugitive visitors. They come and go; they come without observation and they go away without noisy farewells. Just because they are so high they are commonly out of sight, like the summit of Mount Everest. They are elusive things. They take long journeys, travel into far countries, fade into the dim distance. They touch our souls in passing, they linger a little, and they are gone. There is a certain aloofness about spiritual realities.

None of us can serve the Highest unless we are prepared for occasions when the reasons for serving it are out of sight. Mostly we see only a part of the reasons; hardly ever do we see the whole of them; and sometimes we see no reason at all but have to sustain ourselves by the memory of some moment in the past, when God was actually present, when the supremacy of love, and the eternal beauty of a life devoted to its service were as plain as any visible thing could be. These absences of God are the testing points of life. Sooner or later they come to us all. Has it not often seemed to you a hard thing that the spiritual world should have faded out of sight at the very moment when you have a difficult part to play, and your need of the divine presence is at its greatest? And yet we are not so far from the spiritual world as we think. Christ was never nearer to God than when he cried out on the Cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" None but a loyal spirit could feel such de-

spair, and when that point is reached we know that the unseen helpers, absent for the moment, are hurrying back to the support of the soul which has kept the faith in the hour of desolation and loneliness. Learn then to bear the absences of God. They are part of the divine discipline.

Let us learn to be content with a life which is visited occasionally only by this travelling Master whose divine purposes we serve. The continual presence of the spiritual realities, in all their beauty, in all their majesty, in all their insistence, is doubtless what we all desire; but such a state of things would leave no room for the free and loyal service which is at once our duty and our joy. To have no option but to serve the highest; to be forced in spite of ourselves to acknowledge its presence and to yield to its demands, that would not be the kind of education that is needed to turn us into the children of the light. We need these absences of God, these long intervals when the light has to be kept burning in darkness, and the trust has to be kept against all solicitations to betray it. They qualify us for that high and glorious moment when the Master returns, as most assuredly he will do in his own good time. The loyalty which can keep the trust under these conditions is the very service which the divine spirit asks of us all.

Perhaps you remember years ago listening to some great preacher whose message touched you to the quick and opened the heavens for you and made you feel that God was near you, your saviour and friend. "Ah," you say, "if only I could have heard a sermon like that every Sunday, how much better a man I

should have been." But no; that great preacher passed out of your life, he faded away into the dim distance and you never heard that message again. Only once!

Or there was a day in your life when you stood alone amid the beauty and glory of the natural world; you gazed into the depths of the starry firmament above your head; you saw the mountains and the ocean; you heard the great deeps calling to one another; and then the feeling came over you, and the conviction sank into your heart, that the whole universe was alive with God. "Ah," you say, "if only that experience had been more frequent, what a religious man I should have become. But no. I returned to my business; I sank back into my routine; I resumed the commonplace, and that feeling has never visited me since that day." Only once!

Or something more intimate. Once there was a dear soul beside me, whose touch upon my life kept me true to my better self. But death came; the tie was broken and I was left alone. "There has been no other like that one. There never has been, there never can be! Only one, and that one passed away from me into the depths of the everlasting silence! How far away the country is into which my kingdom of heaven, once so near, has travelled!"

Such are the ways of the Master of our life. These were his visits. He will come again, perhaps when the light is sinking and the world slipping from your grasp. But another light will be dawning,

> And with the morn those angel faces smile
> Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

THE FAITH OF A SOLDIER

Dean Charles R. Brown, Yale University

How narrow we are in picturing the saints! We usually paint them in long white robes with halos around their heads, giving them a setting altogether celestial, as if they were too good for this common earth. We put them in the clouds, when they are needed most on the ground.

The Master was wiser. He knew what was in man and was not misled by any shallow conventions. Here in my text he lifts a man into renown for all time as a man of marvelous faith! "I have not found such faith, no, not in Israel." And to our surprise the man was not a priest or a prophet, he was a layman, a soldier. In our day he would have been in khaki. He comes upon the scene, crosses the stage just once, and then disappears. But in those brief moments he does that which causes him to be remembered. Look at him—he has something to say!

Notice first the fine quality of his nature! He stood four square and his four main traits are here set down. He was a man who did his duty as naturally and as regularly as a horse eats oats. "I am a man under authority," he said. He had his orders and he obeyed them. He had not been bitten by that

fad which is forever talking about being "left free to live its own life," yielding instantly to any passing impulse. He would have made short work of that sort of folderol. He did certain things because they were right, spurned certain things because they were wrong—and that was all there was about it in his soldierly mind. For all meanness he showed a scorn as fierce and as clean as fire.

"I am a man under authority," he said, "and I have soldiers under me. I say to one 'go' and he goes; to another 'come' and he comes; to another 'do this' and the thing is done." He was orderly and thorough in his whole method of life, like the power of gravitation. When the clock struck he was there on time, not with a string of excuses, but with the task accomplished. How this must have warmed the heart of him who said, "Not every one that saith, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter into the kingdom, but he that doeth the will of my Father."

He was a broad-minded man, without a petty, bigoted hair in his head. He was an officer in the Roman army, stationed in Palestine where his dealings were mainly with the Jews. He saw that their main interest was religion, and he respected their worship even when he did not share in it. The Jews in that small place were poor and he had built them a synagogue. This generous action of a Roman Centurion in providing them a decent place of worship touched their hearts. When this officer came to Christ with his request, a committee of the elders of the congregation came with him. "He is worthy," they said, "for whom thou shouldst do this thing. He loveth our nation and hath

built us a synagogue." He was built on broad lines.

He was a humane man. He was in sound health himself, apparently, as soldiers usually are, but he had at home a sick slave. "My servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, grievously tormented." It was not an age of kindness—one sick slave more or less what did it matter whether he lived or died? Slaves were cheap. But this man had a heart. He did not make any direct request of the Master, but the tones of his voice as he made his statement were pleading like angels on behalf of that sick slave.

He was a man of reverence, as all of the best officers are. He knew about this teacher of religion who forgave men's sins and healed their diseases. When he had laid the case of the sick slave before Christ, Jesus said, "I will come and heal him." No hesitation, no uncertainty—He spoke as one having the power. His plain, straight word touched the heart of this soldier. "I am not worthy," he said, "that thou shouldst come under my roof. Speak the word only and my servant will be healed." He stood there in the presence of Christ in the attitude of attention, with his hand at salute, doing reverence to one who impressed him as having come from God.

How fine it all was! He was an officer and a gentleman. He honored the uniform he wore, the banner under which he served, the country for whose defense he stood. He was reliable, broad-minded, kindly and reverent. We can understand how the Master's heart went out to him instantly. Here was a man who was a man indeed.

In the second place, how did this high-minded man show that faith? He did it by his readiness to act upon the bare word of Christ. He stood there looking into the eyes of the Master and he felt that he had found one who could be trusted. Jesus spoke as one who knew what he was talking about. He impressed the Roman officer as one who would keep his word. He had undoubtedly healed others and he had shown a ready sympathy for that sick slave. When he said, therefore, "I will come and heal him," that settled it in the mind of this soldier.

The Roman officer was not accustomed to argue or bandy words with his men. When he said "go" the man went. That was the way he felt about the word of Christ. "Speak the word only and my servant will be healed." No rhapsodies, no ecstacies, no moist gestures of the eyes or shouting of hallelujahs! His faith declared itself in that firm persuasion that in the outcome it would be just as Jesus had said. And the Master called that attitude of heart, faith of the first order.

You may hear it said of some pious soul, "He is a man of wonderful faith. He believes every word in the Bible from lid to lid. He accepts all the statements in the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed, the Athanasian Creed and the Westminster Confession without the least wobble of a doubt. Wonderful faith!"

But all that has to do with theological opinion rather than with faith. It may or may not be accompanied by religious faith. "The devils also believe," the Bible says—they believe and tremble. They are just as orthodox as they can be, but they

remain devils. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." We are not told anything about this soldier's theological opinions. I do not know whether he believed in the Virgin Birth or the Second Coming or predestination or not—the record doesn't say. His faith lay in his readiness to move ahead upon the word of Christ as furnishing a sound basis for action.

How this aspect of a vital faith fits into the prevailing mood of our own day! Here is Jesus Christ building himself into the thought and life of the world as no other single individual ever has! All the leading nations of earth date their calendars from the year of his birth. "Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-five," we say—it is just that long since he was born in Bethlehem of Judea!

Here he stands uttering his message in the ears of the race! He did not argue about God or speculate or express the hope that possibly there might be such a being. He proclaimed Him and manifested Him. "I am not alone," he said, "the Father is with me. He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." He caused the men who companied with him to feel sure of God.

He did not argue about prayer, suggesting that possibly it might do some good. He prayed himself with such assurance that the men who heard him crept up and said, "Lord, teach us to pray." They felt that they would rather learn to do that as he did it than anything else they could name. He said, "Ask and you will receive; seek and you shall find; knock at the door of a world unseen and that door will open." And the men who heard him say it went

to their knees in a venture of faith. This was his method from start to finish.

Now faith is the feeling that in all this he knew what he was about. Faith is the response which our hearts make to those great verities which he proclaimed. It is the reply we make to God and duty, to prayer and redemption, to the hope of future life and to the appeal of the coming kingdom, in terms of action. If we stand in the presence of these high claims allowing the best that is in us to answer back in trust and obedience, in aspiration and high resolve, we show ourselves men of faith. We are ready to move out along the line Jesus suggested, feeling sure that it will be just as he said it would be. This is the way that soldier showed his faith—"Speak the word," he said, "and I shall know that the thing is just as good as done." Faith is the act of giving substance to things hoped for.

"Sanity," some one has said, "is the ability to interpret properly sense environment." The sane man sees things as they are and calls them by their right names. "Godliness is the ability to interpret properly spiritual environment." The pure in heart see God and they call Him by his right name. They call Him, "Our Father who art in heaven." The pure in heart see Him because in their own pure hearts they have something to see him with. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. And obedience, as that chivalrous soul in Brighton said many years ago—"Obedience is the organ of spiritual knowledge." Our knowledge grows from more to more as we act consistently upon the word of Christ in the spirit of an obedient faith.

Take these claims of religion into the laboratory and test them for yourself by personal experiment. Say to those habits and moods which have no rightful place in your life, "Go!" Say to those finer qualities of mind and heart which you feel you ought to possess, "Come!" Say to your sense of duty, "Do the thing which ought to be done." And somehow when you begin to act with that sense of command in the spirit of a soldier's faith, your various faculties will fall in and obey orders. They will line up for action and you will move forward into victory all over the field.

When the Battle of Obdurman in Egypt was fought, the British troops under Kitchener were outnumbered three to one by the Dervishes. The masses of Arabs, fanatical and furious in their mistaken zeal, flung themselves again and again upon the hollow squares of English soldiers as if by the sheer force of superior numbers and desperate courage they could drive them back.

But every charge they made was repulsed. What did it? Not bravery alone, nor good guns alone! Never was there more desperate courage shown than that of the Arabs and they too had good guns. The battle was won by the power of discipline and of moral faith. The British soldiers knew that they could depend upon one another and upon their commander. They too were men under authority, accustomed to obey. A certain percentage of them would be killed but the battle would be won, the Dervishes would be driven back, Khartoum would be retaken and order restored on the upper Nile.

This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

The religious man like this soldier in Galilee is a man under authority. He knows the value of discipline; he has learned to obey. The chemist in his laboratory is a man under authority. He acts habitually in obedience to the chemical laws which have been discovered. He knows that there is no other path of progress. The electrical engineer enters the power house where there are live wires of high voltage stretched about, as a man under authority. He walks about unhurt and does his work with peace of mind because he obeys the laws which govern those forces.

The same sound principle holds true all the way up. If you would learn to live safely and usefully, joyously and endlessly, learn to live in obedience to that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. Your faith in Him and in all the forces and values for which He stands, will add cubits to its stature as you learn to live in fellowship and co-operation with Him.

THE SPIRIT OF FEARLESSNESS AND REVERENCE

Dr. William P. Merrill, New York City

"When ye pray, say, Father, Hallowed be Thy name."—Luke xi. 2.

The greatest religious teacher the world has known is here giving his most important lesson. Jesus is teaching his followers how to pray; not merely his immediate personal disciples, who sat at his feet and heard his word; but his followers down to the end of time. He must have realized the solemn importance of the act. Some of us feel very sure that, with his divine insight, he knew that far along through the centuries men and women would turn to that prayer as to one of their most precious possessions. What should be the opening petition? What is the very first thing *we* should desire and ask for when we pray? It would be interesting could each one here be caught in an unguarded moment, and suddenly brought to say what he would ask first, if his heart should speak to God impulsively, without a chance for the mind's reflection. Would it occur to any of us to put first what Christ put first?

"Hallowed be Thy name." That is what he deemed worthy of being made the opening petition

of his prayer and ours. "After this manner pray ye," said he. And the first words of that directing prayer are, "Father, hallowed be Thy name."

The men to whom he spoke would be less surprised than we are to have the place of prominence given to such a petition. The Jews of that day had a high sense of the dignity of the divine name, and of the importance of keeping it holy. Indeed, so careful were they in their dealing with the covenant name of their God that no one today knows just how it should be spelled or pronounced. The word "Jehovah" is only an imperfect and clumsy representation of it.

To men brought up in a spirit of abnormal and superstitious respect for the divine name, it would not seem strange that the opening petition of the model prayer should be an expression of earnest desire that God's name might be kept holy.

But is that why Jesus began his prayer in that fashion? Was he falling in with the ways and thoughts of his age, trying to perpetuate the slavish fear of God which made men afraid to speak his name?

Such a motive could find no place in his soul. Such a teaching could find no place in his prayer. Even earlier in the prayer comes a phrase which emphatically negatives such a notion. "When ye pray, say, FATHER." That was the strongest and most original teaching of the Master about praying. For all the many names of God, spoken or unspoken, high-sounding or simple, he substituted one name, the simple, common, homely word "Father." Let that blessed word replace all others, that blessed

conception fill all their hearts as they prayed to God or thought of him. Nor is it only in prayer that they are to be mindful of this great truth. They are to live their whole lives as in their Father's home and presence.

No! Jesus was not falling into the superstitious carefulness of the scribes of his day, when he set as the first petition in the model prayer the words, "Hallowed be Thy name." No interpretation of that phrase can be admitted for a moment which tends to lessen the simplicity and directness of our approach to God, wherein we freely call him FATHER. "When ye pray, say, Father, Hallowed be Thy name."

What then is the lesson? It becomes more clear when we keep in mind the perfectly obvious fact that Jesus here links the two thoughts together—the calling God "Father," and the keeping his name holy. It is as if he said, Get rid of the aloofness, lay aside the superstitious awe that fears to speak the name of God! Call him by the commonest name affection knows! Give him a name out of the home-life, and let that name be above every name. Draw near to God without fear, as a child comes to a dear and loving parent. But in losing the awe, see that you preserve true reverence. In laying aside the superstition, see that you do not lose the spirit of worship. There is a familiarity which breeds contempt. Be careful lest your freedom degenerate into that! Use the simplest, commonest name for God; and then *hallow* that name! Be intimate with God, but be reverent also. Love him so much, that you will respect him the more. When you pray, say,

"Father," but then let your first thought, your instinctive desire take shape in the petition, "Hallowed be Thy name."

When we take it in that way, this opening petition of the Lord's Prayer begins to seem worthy of its place of prominence. It is no echo of the thoughts of that ancient time. It is more like a word of eternal wisdom, fitted especially to this day in which you and I are living, and trying to be at once human and godly. What is there we need more than this spirit which says, "Father, hallowed be Thy name"? this combined intimacy and reverence, this blending of fearlessness and veneration, this power to make God and life and all things common, and yet keep them holy?

To get the full force of this teaching, we must remember that whenever the Master talked of God, or religion, or prayer, or worship, he was not thinking of a little realm shut off, set apart from common life. He saw life whole, and meant that we should. LIFE was what interested him, not a section of it. Religion to him was just one's attitude toward life. God was the Power, the Wisdom, the Reality, all through life. Prayer was our contact with that reality. He made no separation between things holy and things secular, not because to him all was secular, but because to him all was holy. And therefore this teaching about prayer is a teaching about life. If we know how to pray, we know how to live; for prayer and life are one. So Jesus thought and taught. That is why he had scant use for the distinctions the Pharisees drew; why the Sabbath seemed to him like other days, and the Temple like

other places, and approach to God like other simple acts of social intercourse. There was a splendid symbolism about the rending of the veil when Jesus died. The holiest lay open. Henceforth, nothing was to be kept holy by being kept hidden. Let all come to the light and be judged!

But let it all be holy! Call things by their right names, refuse to call anything holy just because it is kept dark! But let the names be sacred. Look at God, and life, and facts, and religion, and everything, with honest truthfulness and without fear; but never without reverence. Learn that the holy need not be uncommon; that the commonest word or fact or process may be sacred, should be counted sacred.

So this prayer sends us to face life with combined fearlessness and reverence, with free minds and worshipful souls. What does this age of ours need more than this spirit in which freedom and reverence have equal sway? Thus to pray "Father, hallowed be Thy name" guards us against the two dangers to which we are especially liable—the danger on the one hand of a reverence which becomes superstition and fear of facing facts; and on the other of a freedom which loses the beauty of holiness in making all things common.

To the Hebrew mind, "Common" and "Unclean" were synonyms. The "holy" was something set apart. Jesus came to do away with that distinction, that artificial holiness, and to teach the sacredness of the common. But he knew well the danger that men might make the holy common, and still count the common unclean. That is just what we tend to

do. Therefore he rightly put reverence high, and made our first prayer a petition that God and life might be kept holy.

We are living in a time which has caught the full swing of the spirit of fearfulness. Freedom is the keynote of all we say or do. We honor the spirit that looks facts in the face and calls them by their right names. The scientist is our hero, the man who sits down before some fact, prepared to follow it wherever it may lead, no matter what becomes of his traditions, or prejudices, or former ideas, no matter if his whole system of philosophy is upset. We handle all sorts of matters with fearless intimacy and cheerful familiarity. Young people amaze us with their careless, frank handling of all sorts of matters, including some which were usually kept in the dark when some of us were young. They plunge through thickets which we carefully skirted. They calmly break the seals on many a package carefully marked "Tabu." The Sabbath, the Bible, Prayer, Religion, Sex, Birth, Death—these are no longer kept on the shelf, to be taken out and handled only at set times by proper persons, and with great care. They are tossed from hand to hand, freely examined, frankly discussed. Everything is made common by much handling.

Some very good people are very uneasy at all this. It seems to them that religion itself is weakening, that morality and modesty are lessening, that things cannot thus become common and not become unclean. To their minds, if the veil of the temple is rent, the Shekinah vanishes. If science comes in with explanation, religion fades with the fading

of mystery. Where law is found, God is lost. Make a thing common, and it must cease to be holy.

So it comes about that some Christians are making a determined, heroic, pathetic, hopeless stand against all new ideas and interpretations of life and of God; and for a blind acceptance of and insistence upon the old standards and thoughts. Never mind what science may say, or what the facts may seem to be; stand by the old ways of believing and living and thinking! Make all things common, and no religion is left! Stand for the Puritan Sabbath, or there remains no holy time. Insist on a Bible free from error, or you have no revelation of God! Admit the possibility that Jesus may have been born as other men are, and you abandon his divinity. Give up faith in any of the miracle stories in the Bible as literal accounts of actual happenings, and God fades away from the record. Accept the theory of Evolution as the best way yet found of accounting for the world as we know it, and you make man only a developed beast. Such are the thoughts and words of many good men and women of our time, deeply concerned for the maintaining of true religion.

There is cause for their concern. We are facing a grave danger, and we have not been sufficiently alive to it. One serious cause of the present uprising of reactionary religion, one great reason for such strength as there is in the Fundamentalist movement, as it has come to be known, is to be found in the carelessness of many liberals as to religious and spiritual values. There *are* critics who

handle the Bible as if it were a lot of old clothes and junk. There are psychologists who handle the soul of man as if it were a piece of wood. In too many cases familiarity has degenerated into contempt, fearlessness has become flippancy, curiosity has failed to be reverent, and facts have taken the place of God. We have let all things become common, as Jesus did; but we have not made all things clean, as Jesus did. We have not let reverence grow along with knowledge. Too much, far too much, we have let the Sabbath become like our other days, instead of making all days holy to the Lord; we have been ready to admit that the Bible is much like other books, and that the men of God were much like other people; but we have too often done it in a way that means reducing the Bible and the saints to the level of coarse and ordinary living, when it should have meant seeing the glory of God all through human life and literature. We have handled freely sex and marriage and moral standards; but too often in a way that has made them less holy, not more pure and sacred. We have seen life in the light of an evolutionary process, and too much we have taken it to mean that man is more or less justified when he behaves like the son of a brute. These tendencies to degrade all life to the level of the common and unclean are very strong; and those are right who count it their Christian duty to resist them absolutely; to stand for the clean against the unclean; for morality against the immoral and the *un*-moral; for religion against irreligion and secularism; for the God in man against the beast in man. The whole Christian Church should stand like

a wall of rock against this whole flood of uncleanness, this whole tendency to make life unholy by making it common.

But, brethren, while we should and must make this stand, we shall lose always and utterly if we take any other way than the way of Jesus. Our Master would have none of the reactionary religion of his day. He threw the world open to his followers and said, "It is all your Father's; and therefore it is all yours." He left no place in his religion for *tabus*. He scandalized the religious leaders by the way he acted on the Sabbath. He so used the Scriptures in the synagogue at Nazareth that they tried to throw him from the cliff as a heretic. When appealed to for judgment as to the right place at which to worship God, he said, "Neither in this mountain, nor at Jerusalem; but wherever there is spirit and reality." He stood for the open mind, for the whole view of life, for the sacredness of the common, for the God of daily life. Modern science is the legitimate child and heir of his spirit. The magnificent philosophy of evolution could have come to light only where Christ had taught the souls of men to look everywhere for God and truth. We are taking his way when we face facts fearlessly, when we look at the great Reality back of all life, and gladly say, "Father"; when we look at the wonder of the world, and say, "Home." The more common we make religion and life and all, the nearer we are to the way of the Master. To divide life up into sections, labeling one "sacred," the other common"; to pack it into compartments, keeping the salt of religion in one box, while the rest of life goes to the bad for

lack of that saving salt; that is to follow the Scribes and Pharisees, not the Lord of Life.

But, if we would take the real way of Jesus, we must learn not only how to make all things common, but how to keep the common holy. We must not let familiarity breed irreverence. With our fearlessness must go a deep sense of the holiness of all life. If we see God less in special places, we must see him more clearly everywhere.

This is what we need, what we must have—the spirit which sees, as Paul saw, that "all things are of God." He alone can safely leave the shelter of little shrines, and restricted views of God, and traditional codes and creeds and standards, who has caught a vision of the potential holiness of all life, so that still he worships the best, and takes the way of the highest. He only dares look up to the Lord of all life, and say "Father," who instantly joins to that word the prayer, "Hallowed be Thy name!"

Oh, what would it not mean if into the soul of the modern world, so fearless in facing facts, so boldly set on reality, so impatient at shams and half-truths—and in all this so like Christ himself—would come in full power the other half of the spirit of Jesus, a growing sense of the holiness of life, of the sanctity of common things and acts and relationships, of the nearness and glory of God; if reverence went always with fearlessness! It would mean a new day for the world. Democracy would be shorn of its perils, and set free in its glory; for it would cease to be a leveling down to the standard of the lowest, and would become a passionate and joyous faith in the essential and potential glory of

common human nature. We could become more democratic without losing reverence for law and authority. Religion would be what men need that it shall be, what Christ meant that it should be, a full and glad worship of the God of our life, a spirit that sees God everywhere, and walks with him in all things. We would touch and handle all good things, the Sabbath, the Bible, love, marriage, the home, the nation, beliefs, duties, God, life, with the free artless curiosity of the child, and yet with an ever-deepening reverence, a growing sense of holiness. We should live a wholesome life, at once natural and holy. That is the life Christ meant us to live when he said, "Say, Father, Hallowed be Thy name!" a life at once fearless and reverent.

Too readily we fall into two opposing camps. The liberal is fearless, the conservative is reverent. Too often liberalism becomes an irreverent rationalism, and conservatism a superstitious traditionalism. It is hard to say which is further from the mind and spirit of Christ. It is useless to debate which is better or worse; for our business is to be neither better nor worse, but right; to be neither Pharisees, nor Sadducees, but Christians; Christians like Christ in the blending of intimacy with a sense of holiness, or fearlessness with reverence. Tennyson caught the true ideal, caught it from the Master whom he loved, and in whose spirit he was so much at home.

> Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell;
> That mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music as before;—

> But vaster! We are fools and slight.
> We mock Thee, when we do not fear;
> But help Thy foolish ones to bear,
> Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

That should be our ideal. "Let knowledge grow from more to more." Send the human mind to range freely and boldly among all facts. Do not fear the advance of scientific thought and knowledge! Welcome it as a way of knowing better the truth about life and God. But, as knowledge grows, let "more of reverence in us dwell." So only can come that "vaster music" for which we long, when all the varying strains of this rich, wonderful modern life of ours shall be caught up into one great new song of praise to the God who is our life.

One of our modern teachers has set in a simple phrase the true spirit which should be in us all: "We are not afraid to open our eyes in the presence of nature, nor ashamed to close our eyes in the presence of God." The religion for which the world waits today is this blend of fearlessness and reverence. And that will be our spirit, if we learn from our Master, when we pray, and when we live, and all through our days and ways, ever to say, "Father, Hallowed be Thy name!"

THE HEAVENLY VISION

Bishop William F. Anderson,
Boston, Massachusetts

"Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."——Acts xxvi. 19.

Blessed in their ministry to their generation are those who catch the vision of heavenly things and who throw that vision upon the dusty pathway of our common life. They are ever delivering us from the domination of the material and exalting before our eyes the spiritual values. These are they who keep faith alive in the earth and without faith it is impossible to please God. Except for their ministry and contribution all life would inevitably deteriorate. "Where there is no vision, the people perish." This truth from the old world holds at full face value for every interest in our modern life. One of the most distinguished scientists has recently said that "the most important thing in the world is our belief in the reality of moral and spiritual values." To make men believe this and proceed upon it as basic in all their operations is the only hope of progress toward a better world.

Modern civilization should lay this great truth to heart. The mastery of mind over matter is one of the most notable achievements of the modern world

and because of this men have been boasting much of the superiority of our own times in comparison with the past. It is true that distance has been eliminated and that the forces resident in the universe by the magic mastery of mind have been made to contribute to the enrichment, the enlargement, the comfort and the convenience of human life in a remarkable fashion. But when we come to examine the ethical qualities and practices of modern world progress it is quite another matter. Life does not consist in automobiles and telephones and luxurious habits and limited trains and radio communications. The elements of our life in their final analysis are not material but moral and spiritual. "Man liveth not by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The question as to the desirability and probable durability of the modern world order is being raised very frequently in these days. The questioning comes many times from the Orient where spiritual values receive high consideration. One of our own popular writers has recently set forth a characteristic condition of modern industry under the title "The Man in the Glass Cage." The writer makes a visit to this man and finds him engaged in doing a certain piece of work automatically day in and day out, year in and year out. When the man is questioned as to the joy that he finds in his toil he seems dazed and confesses that he has but one motive back of his labor and that is to earn a living. The idea of putting any personality into his daily toil is remote from his thinking. The exaltation of efficiency and mere system at the expense of the development of human personality

cannot be squared with Christian standards. It is quite a general condition in many quarters of modern commerce and industry. Too long we have been content with the individualistic triumphs of the Christian religion. In the new day dawning we shall all see that the world is the subject of redemption and herein lies the hope of the future.

To persuade the leaders of modern civilization that the most important thing in the world is a belief in the moral and spiritual values is an undertaking to which the prophets and servants of God must set themselves with whole-hearted consecration. It will prove a very wholesome exercise for us to scrutinize more thoughtfully our ethical standards which have come to be taken for granted.

Our long-time assumed Anglo-Saxon superiority is being challenged. And rightly so. It has been a breeder of race prejudice and race hatred, which feelings are utterly contradictory to the Christian spirit and life. The rising world-tide of race consciousness must be met in the days near at hand.

Woe betide us if we attempt to deal with it in any other way than by the Christian method A new set of circumstances is carrying us forward to the recognition of the solidarity of the human race. Our God marches onward and by various methods.

We must admit that the standards of our own country fall short in many particulars. While many of the nations in Europe are on the verge of bankruptcy, our wealth has been increasing with marvelous rapidity. It is stated that the wealth of the United States has doubled since 1912. We are growing dangerously rich. Unless we are on our

guard we shall become disgracefully rich. It was reported at the recent meeting of the Bankers' Association held in Chicago that the deposits in the Savings Banks alone the past year equaled all the banking business of the country ten years ago. This vast wealth placed in the hands of the American Republic is sure to increase largely in the days ahead. If opportunity is another word for responsibility, then the leaders of our own country will do well to consider our responsibility towards nations less fortunate and less resourceful than our own.

> Ill fares the land,
> To hastening ills a prey
> When wealth accumulates
> And men decay.

What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What shall it profit a nation if it shall gain the whole world and lose its own soul? What shall it profit the American Republic if it shall gain the whole world and lose its own soul? The American Republic is in imminent danger of losing its soul. It is imperative that the heavenly vision should be cultivated. The birth of our nation came out of that heavenly vision which our founders caught and which held them spellbound in the early days of our national history.

> America! America!
> God shed His grace on thee
> And crown thy good with brotherhood
> From sea to shining sea!

What a boon it would be if the building of the life of the local communities of this land could pro-

ceed with due recognition of the heavenly vision and its meaning for corporate welfare! Here lies pre-eminently the mission and ministry of the true prophet. Most of our communities proceed upon the basis that the chief resources are in the material values, in the quality and productivity of its soil, in the richness of its deposits, in the salubriousness of its climate; whereas the supreme assets in any community are found in the development of its young life under the inspiration of the heavenly vision. No voice counts for so much for ultimate welfare in the formative period of any community, rural, urban or suburban as the voice of the man who speaks in behalf of God and godly values. Due emphasis upon proper educational methods and ideals and real leadership in the establishment of inspirational standards and institutions count far more in the long run than any material values which may be regarded as contributions to the community life.

There are notable indications that many people of our own times are ready to respond to a new and stronger emphasis upon spiritual values and spiritual leadership. Never was there a greater day for the true prophet of God than our own day. Discerning minds are seeing that materialism will not suffice. This fact should be made the basis of procedure by all true leaders in our own times. We are far in arrears in our spiritual achievements, but everywhere there is quick response to spiritual emphasis. Let us not forget it. Let us rather thank God and take courage.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish."

This truth holds pre-eminently for the life of every man if he seeks to attain the highest and best in character and in service. The heavenly vision of spiritual reality is the most determining thing that can come into a man's life.

And here let us be grateful for that providential arrangement of life which makes the mind of youth so susceptible to spiritual reality and spiritual ideals. This is the inspiration of one of the noblest poems in the English language—Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality:

> Not in entire forgetfulness
> And not in utter nakedness
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home.
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

Blessed be the men who take care in the midst of the crash and crush of the strenuous demands of such a day as ours to cultivate and be always conscious of the fact that Heaven is our environment, not only in the days of infancy but through the development of early manhood on through the noon-day and afternoon and evening of our natural life.

A great captain of industry bore this testimony regarding his experinece during the War. "I have had to fight day and night to keep my business from going to wreck and ruin. Never since I entered upon business have I found it necessary to live so constantly with my business. I do not know whether I shall ever be able to rescue my soul again or not." He is not the only man who has had to fight for his soul. Many a man has had a like experience. To preserve the soul-life in the midst of a day like this

and in a country like ours is a real problem for many of us. Who has not felt it?

The cultivation of the childlike spirit will be very helpful in attaining this result. Note the difference between childishness and childlikeness. Childishness is that state of mind which every man should outgrow. As St. Paul said—"When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." The excessive love of things, of enormous wealth or of any earthly good is really a species of childishness. Every form of selfishness is childishness. It is the mark of a real man to lose self and self-interest for the common weal.

But childlikeness is an entirely different thing. It is the susceptibility to spiritual teaching and spiritual leading—an open-mindedness towards all spiritual truths, readiness to believe in God and in the worlds which are spiritual and not material. It is to be able to claim the blessing of the first beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven." Here is a real problem for every one of us. The neglect of the claims of the heavenly vision means death to a man's very being. That was a serious warning of the Master—"If the light that is in thee be darkness how great is that darkness?" For any man to hold the heavenly vision in light esteem means atrophy—certain death. Indeed, I regard that as the "unpardonable sin" referred to in the Scriptures. In view of the teachings of Christ, I cannot believe that there is any sin for which the grace of God as revealed in Him is not sufficient, so far as its judicial treatment by God

is concerned. But when any man disregards and despises the heavenly vision he commits a sin against his own being which in the very nature of the case cannot be atoned for so far as its effect upon his own life is concerned. It is an unpardonable sin against God because it is an inestimable injury to God's child created in his own likeness. Any man who commits a great sin against himself thereby sins greatly against God. This truth should make every man fear and tremble. St. Paul could say that he had not been disobedient unto the heavenly vision. He had once been the avowed enemy of Jesus of Nazareth and an intense persecutor of his followers, but after his experience on the Damascus road he was ever under the domination of the heavenly vision. Ever thereafter he was pleased to call himself the slave of Jesus Christ. The term which he uses in referring to himself in many of his Epistles is the old Greek word for slave. Contemplate now for a moment the fruitage as the result of his obedience to the heavenly vision and let every one of us lay the lesson seriously to heart and understand that in proportion as we follow the gleam and become obedient unto the heavenly vision our lives will gather to themselves fruitage which will honor God and bless mankind.

That heavenly vision came to Paul the day he heard the voice of the Living Christ. From that day until the end of his great career the cultivation of that vision became the passion of his life. It is for every man of us, inspired by his great example, to go and do likewise.

TREASURE TROVE

Dr. Richard Roberts, Montreal, Canada

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in a field, which a man found."——Matthew xiii. 44.

Like a good many of the intellectuals of her time, George Eliot gave up religion; but unlike some, she did it with comparative ease. When her life was written and the story of her abandonment of religion told, Hutton, then editor of the *Spectator,* a very great man, said about it this: "To me the remarkable point is that George Eliot felt herself relieved of a burden rather than robbed of a great spiritual mainstay by the change." When I read this the other day I recalled the very different story of another great Victorian who was led to renounce his religion. This was George Romanes, a notable scientist. After showing why scientific candour compelled him to give up religion, he goes on: "I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness . . . When at times I think (as think at times I must) of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine and the lonely mystery of existence as I now find it—at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is capable." George Eliot cast

off a burden; George Romanes lost a pair of wings. The novelist left religion for what she thought was light and freedom; the scientist left religion to face desolation. It shows some defect in us if we cannot admire the noble courage of that renunciation and do not descry in it the germ of a clearer faith which might later (as indeed it did) bring this rare mind back into the sunlight.

It is the tragedy of religion that it may become a burden, that it may fade into a dull drab thing. Most things that we live with all the time tend to lose their lustre; and religion may from sheer custom lose its "first fine careless rapture." It declines into a round of observances that retain not even a memory of their original glamour. It no longer commands us as it did; we compel ourselves to attend to it. It is useless to pretend that we have not in our time reached this condition; however we explain it, most people nowadays find religion as dull as ditchwater.

Yet in the New Testament, religion and the things that appertain to it are regarded as matters of high romance. It is an affair of surprises and of daily miracle. It is treasure found in a field; it is finding the pearl of great price; it is the homecoming of a lost child, the rescue of a wandering sheep. It is uprooting sycamine trees and moving mountains. It is wonder and adventure; it is building a city and waging a war; it is a race and a wrestling match. And if our religion was this at the start, a thing of epiphanies and grand excitements, why has it become tedium, and weariness and boredom? Why is it that the thing that to George

Romanes relieved the world of dulness and darkness should have become the dullest and the dimmest thing in it?

I think it is partly the fault of the theologians, who have always been too ready to reduce religion to a system. They have been very busy defining it; and to define a thing is, as we know, to limit it. You mean to set up boundary lines, and you create a prison. When you have established an orthodoxy in religion, you have put religion in a halter. The creeds, which were meant to be the safeguards of religion against backsliding, have become hindrances to its growth. When you have so defined and systematised religion that you have all its ideas and all its hopes, all its experiences and all its practices classified and labelled in a complete scheme, the next thing is the funeral service. Yet God has warned us against this danger by the most unmistakable signs. He has veiled Himself from us so that religion may not cease to be continual discovery; He has left us in a world bestrewn and encompassed with mystery lest we grow cocksure and arrogant in our pride of knowledge. We are creatures of time and space; yet we confront the unknown, and our religion is our concern with that unknown. To define and delimit religion is as stupidly presumptuous as to draw a map of a continent because you once spent a little holiday on its shores. The greater part of life is still beyond our sight, and to presume that we have exhausted its meaning, as dogmatists of whatever stripe are apt to do, is to shut ourselves out for ever from the apocalypses and adventures which the Unknown is holding in trust for us. The crime of

the credalist is that he kills the spirit of expectancy and pens up the impulse of exploration; and religion bereft of these is no more than a bad habit.

We parsons are also partly to blame that religion is dull and tame. I say that, because if I do not say it, you will surely think it, and may think me disingenuous. But I do not propose to wash professional soiled linen in public. We are to blame for our conventionality, our professionalism, our poor sense of proportion, our fussiness about secondary things—and most of all, for our failure to live habitually among the deep things of God. But believe me, while we shall have to answer for our failures, the rest of you will have something to answer for in respect of us. "Like priest, like people"—that is true; but "like people, like priest" is no less true. We become what you expect us to be. Many a preacher has to fight for his soul against his congregation, sometimes against the very kindness of his people. Sometimes he is afraid of them, afraid to be wholly true to himself in his utterances—remembering the wife and the bairns at home. Sometimes he is wearing out shoe-leather on the streets—having a congregation that insists on being hand-fed—when he ought to be in his study alone with God, searching and waiting for the Word. And so we become formal and conventional, respectable and timid and dull, God help us! And religion becomes a lame and nerveless thing in our hearts and on our lips.

And then there is in all of us that entail of inertia which has been the drag upon life through all its evolution. There is a notable passage of Bergson

in which he tells how the advance of the animal kingdom has been hindered by the pull of the vegetable life. "However full, however overflowing the activity of an animal species may appear, torpor and unconsciousness are lying in wait for it. It keeps up its rôle only by effort." And we have not yet outgrown this handicap. In us it appears as a tendency to "settle down," as we say; to find the line of least resistance and to stick to it; to evolve a mediocre technique of living which enables us to survive respectably with a minimum of effort. There is a strain of the limpet in all of us; and it does not take much to rob us of whatever spring and resiliency there may be in our lives. We become creatures of routine; we fall into ruts; and the tragedy is that we become contented with it. And nothing in life is it harder to rescue from its grooves than religion. In these biological days, it should need no argument to show that a groove may be only another name for a grave.

So between us all, religion has become a pale and anæmic counterfeit of itself, a dull thing of rules and prescriptions, of ceremony and formula, of mediocre hopes and middling performances, the sanction of a standardised morality and the temple of an incrusted faith. Yet the subject matter of religion consists of epiphanies and transfigurations and apocalypses. Its God is not an heirloom from the past but the Glory that comes to it out of the future, whose word concerning Himself is that He makes all things new. It is a world of surprise and wonder; the realm of the unexpected and the unpredictable. The Kingdom of heaven is like unto

treasure hidden in a field which a man found. . . . But our religion has not led us to any hidden treasure for a very long time.

Now plainly there is something we have lost and which we shall have to find again. I know that religion has been having a spell of foul treatment at the hands of the psychologists; but I cannot help the conclusion that they have failed to see the wood in their preoccupation with the trees. And when I turn from them to the calm sanity of Jesus of Nazareth, I am reassured. I know that the psychologist who has discovered the secret of religion in a complex or what not has never seen religion. He has been looking at something else. But he and any other man may find it, if he chooses. The Kingdom of heaven is like treasure hidden in a field which a man found. . . . The trouble about hidden treasure usually is that we only hear of it; we never find it. But here is hidden treasure which a man found; St. Francis found it; George Fox found it; John Wesley found it; and I have known obscure folk who had found it and you knew it by the light in their eyes. And none of us need go without it.

The Kingdom of heaven is like treasure hidden in *the* field. *The* field, you notice. I do not know whether the definite article there is meant to suggest that it was the man's only field—we know it was a rented field—and that the man was one of the small people with "three acres and a cow"; and that therefore we are to infer that this Treasure is not the prize of the important or the learned or the conspicuous. The obscure and the anonymous have an equal chance with the rest. That is true, anyhow.

But it is sure that the treasure was found in a field, in a quite commonplace and unromantic setting. The man had gone down to his ordinary day's work; and he hit upon the treasure. It is a curious reflection, and luminous withal, that we often come upon the great things of life when we are looking for something else. Roentgen discovered his ray, as it seems, almost by accident. Henri Poincaré, the mathematician, said that his most important mathematical solutions came to him not as the direct consequence of working out the mathematical process, but rose unbidden in his mind in odd times and places: but he makes it clear that this never happened unless he had been previously working hard upon the problem. You may call up the subconscious or any other modern and recondite object of faith to explain these things. Being a somewhat old-fashioned person, I still suspect that the Spirit of God has something to do with them; aye, and with greater discoveries than these. God with His light and truth and love lies in wait for us along the common ways of life; His treasure is hidden in the field. Sir Launfal (in James Russell Lowell's noble poem), after spending life and fortune seeking the Holy Grail, comes back home to find his Lord waiting for him at his castle gate—where He had been all the time. You do not need to go far afield to find the greatest things in life. You may see

> The traffic of Jacob's ladder
> Pitched between heaven and Charing Cross——

or Boston Common; and

> Christ walking on the waters,
> Not of Gennesaret but Thames——

or the Charles River.

"Alas," said Dr. L. P. Jacks recently, "that the ethic of Jesus should have become a New Testament 'problem' "—of Jesus who said to the masons, "Raise your stone and I stand beneath it"; and to his fellow carpenters, "Split your timber and I am inside."

The Kingdom of Heaven is like treasure hidden in the field which a man found . . . but he had to dig for it before he found it. Digging was his job; and I have no doubt that he was digging earnestly, for when men hide treasure in the earth, they bury it deep. You need not go looking for a new job in order to make the grand discovery. The man who found the pearl of great price was already looking for fine pearls. You have *your* field; dig in it and go on digging in it for dear life; and one day you will find your treasure. Dig for dear life, I said; yes, that, literally. For the mistake that many of us make is that we dig only for bread and cheese, and we turn our adventure into a trade: when our trade should be our adventure. Or we dig for name or fame—for anything but for dear life. It is our modern heresy that we look to our work for a living and look elsewhere for our life. But our work is our way unto life. When we work merely to make a living or to make a fortune or to make a fame, we are diverting the business of life on to a siding where it may be permanently "stalled." Work truly understood has a profound biological significance; it is for us men our task and share in the magnifi-

cent Odyssey of life. What we call the conquest of nature is only the latest phase of what life has been doing from "its first minute beginnings"—pushing out its frontiers, enlarging its borders, extending its empire into unfamiliar regions beyond its known horizons. Religion itself is the thrust of life into the unknown; and both our religion and our work are bound together in the biological pilgrimage of mankind. And what our work is in the large biological sense, it is in little for the individual. Our work is exploration; every day's work should be an adventure into the unknown, pushing out the boundaries of experiences and making new discoveries, little ones, no doubt, but new—and discoveries. Oh, I know that in this imbecile civilisation there are men who have to do useless work, and some have to work under infamous conditions, and some have no work to do at all: and the grand traffic of life has been monstrously derailed. Yet it remains true that work is the travail by which life is winning to the Kingdom and the power and the glory.

Yet work if it is to serve this end must be nobly conceived and excellently done, done, as I said, for dear life. The original Judaic doctrine of work was that it was a part of the curse that followed the Fall of Man: and it was only slowly that men gained a truer and a finer thought about it. But it came at at last. "My Father," so Jesus is reported to have said, "worketh hitherto and I work"; and by that saying the tables were turned for good and all. Work once conceived as a curse is now proclaimed to be Godlike, a divine activity akin to worship. And it is the logic of this announcement that St.

Paul carries to a fine conclusion in his counsel to servants: "Be obedient to your masters in singleness of heart, as unto Christ, not in the way of eye-service as men-pleasers, but as servants of Christ doing the will of God from the heart, with good will doing service as unto the Lord and not unto men." High doctrine, to be sure; but the only doctrine which makes work the occasion and the organ of life. Katherine Mansfield, a writer of stories, who died before her promise was realised but whose work will live for its exquisite craftsmanship, who laboured as few have done to perfect her style, shortly before her death spoke of her dissatisfaction with her stories: *"There is not one of them,"* she said, *"that I dare show to God."* So to work, in that high spirit of honour toward the Highest, is the highway of vision (and does it not tell you why you have not seen a glint of hidden treasure these many days?); to work, as Kipling says they do in the painters' paradise, when

Only the Master shall praise us and only the Master shall blame,
And no one will work for the money, and no one will work for the fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star
Shall draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are.

When Professor Stewart Macalister was exploring the Mound of Gezer in Palestine he dug a trench across the mound; and as the trench went down through the strata of debris which one civilisation after another left behind it, he made discoveries

which enabled him to reconstruct the strange and various history that that spot had seen: and down at the very bottom he came upon an altar—which is a parable of more than one thing; but here and now of this: that we by faithful work do dig our own trenches across the mound of life and make discoveries . . . and at last come within hail of God. Your apocalypse may find you through a microscope; your epiphany may break upon you in your classroom or your office. The light that never was on land or sea may catch the cobbler at his last and the miner in the pit. Abt. Vogler sat at the organ and heard an unearthly music. The cook may hear the unutterable word, like Brother Lawrence, amid the clatter of dishes.

What more then need I say? The rest is in your hands. The Kingdom of Heaven is like treasure hidden in a field . . . and that is what we are all looking for. That is the meaning of our discontents and our restlessness, our desire of the moth for the star, this hunger that no bread can satisfy, this thirst that no water can slake. There is a treasure hidden in my field; it is for me to find it. Then, as the Lord liveth, let me dig for it. And your search is your day's work done for the Highest, your task offered as incense on the most exalted altar that you can conceive, your *laborare* being *orare* as well; seek with patience, with singleness of heart, day by day; oh, it may be for many days: and then at last, in an hour you know not, it happens. The opaque crust of sense cracks, the clouds part, the veil is rent; and your adoring and astonished eyes see a great light . . . and you cry out,

"Eureka! I've found it! I've found it!" You will not be able to say much about it, for the idiom has not been invented that can tell it. Now and again, you may see something that suggests it in the glory of a sunset; perhaps a phrase of Beethoven will recall it; you may feel it between the lines of a poem; you may hear it in the mystic overtone of a saying of Jesus: but what remains is this immovable conviction—Whereas I was blind, I did for one glorious moment see; and the world has never since been what it was.

Which perhaps means that what you have found is yourself; or that you have yourself been found. You thought you were the hunter; what if after all you were the quarry? Perhaps you did not find the Treasure so much as the Treasure found you. Perhaps it was that God (knowing what He did) and you (not knowing what you were doing) were looking for each other, and at last, (happy soul! happy soul!) you met!

THE MIRAGE AND THE POOL

Dr. Oscar E. Maurer, New Haven, Connecticut

"The mirage shall become a pool."——Isaiah xxxv. 7.

All of you have either seen or read of the optical phenomenon known as the mirage of the desert. It is the total reflection of an object which is out of sight, but the ocular reproduction of which is visible at a distance. A traveler over the desert suddenly sees a shimmering lake in the midst of which are lovely islands covered with palm trees. He sees men and animals moving about. The appearance is so deceptive that often travelers have perished because they have left their course and pressed toward the fancied lake in search of water. Then suddenly, it disappeared, leaving only burning, choking sands.

This beautiful thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah sings of the transformation of Israel from dearth and sterility to fruitfulness and abundance. But I want to take this one striking verse, today, and give it a wider application. "The mirage shall become a pool." Mirage: that is synonymous with illusion and unreality. The pool: that stands for reality—something which can be experienced and appropriated, which we can take to ourselves. The prophecy comes as a great constructive promise. The mirage

shall become a pool. In the journey through life, illusion and unreality shall give way to surer and surer reality, and human experience is a fulfillment of the ancient prayer, "From the unreal lead us to the real."

Now, the first impulse of many a person who hears this promise will be to say rather bitterely: "That's a lie. It ought to be the other way 'round. The pool becomes a mirage. Things we believed in, values we trusted, turn out to be untrue. Instead of becoming more and more trustful as we grow older, we become more and more cautious. Things are not what they seem.

> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

How many people there are who have suffered disappointment and whose verdict is "Life is a joke. We've tried it and there's nothing to it." Every pastor, every counselor of others, has to face the fact of the disappointed man whose sense of the reality of moral values has faded, the man who sums up his experience by saying, "I've tried to be square and live honorably—and look where it has gotten me." Vanity of vanities—all is vanity. Nothing is what it seems to be. The pool shall become a mirage.

The text will impress another man in just the opposite way. He will say "That is a fact. It is

really true. The mirage does become a pool. It has done so in my own life. I've had my dream. Now it has faded. I've waked up, and the reality is deadly. The mirage was unreal but beautiful. The pool is real, indubitable, but the water is stale and noisome and full of unclean, creeping things. Give me back my dreams." That is the rumination of the prisoner working away sullenly at his uninspiring task, with years of sentence still ahead of him. It is the rumination of most any person who is paying year after year for one mad act of folly, and it is a bitter cud—that reflection that when you finally do discover what life really is, you also conclude that it isn't worth while.

There are these temptations to cynicism, whichever way you take the text, and every life must grapple with them: the temptation to believe that it makes no difference what you believe or do; that the outcome of life is illusion or else a reality that is worse than illusion. The natural conclusion of such a view is that you might as well enjoy yourself while you can—get what you can. Be happy while you live, you'll be a long time dead. Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die. It was cynicism that lay at the root of the temptation of Jesus in the desert, the temptation, "Get all you can out of this while you last." That is the devil to which men still sell their souls.

But there is still another sense in which we can take the text, the constructive sense in which the metaphor was intended. *The course of life and experience is toward greater and greater reality.* "The mirage shall become a pool."

When we take the verse in this constructive sense, let us think a bit about the mirage itself. When we have dwelt upon its illusion and unreality, we are bound to go a step further and admit that it has elements of reality in it. It is the reflection of a reality and can teach us something. Behind it—somewhere in space and time—there is a reality, or else there could be no reflection. The experienced traveler, who will not be misled, is at least cheered by the vision. For days and days perhaps, the barren sand dunes have been all that he has seen, until it seems to him that there is nothing else in the world. And then the mirage swims on the horizon and he knows that somewhere behind the rim there is another kind of a world where there is life and verdure.

Now, the equivalent of the mirage in personal experience is the dream. Let us not underestimate the value of the dream of life. It is full of unreality, and yet, like the mirage, it has elements of reality. It is often our clearest apprehension of the ideal. It is life's desire putting itself into form. We are mind painters, all of us, and some inner urge forces us to seize our brushes and lay the colors on the canvas of the imagination. And such dreams have power over the future. The dreamy-eyed lad, building castles in the fire, identifies himself with some of the heroes of whom he has been reading, and in his mind is fighting the world's battles and righting the world's wrongs. Some day he will carry out at least a part of that dream. It is the dream element that makes the story of Joseph and his brethren so fascinating to young and old alike.

The pioneer sees the forests cleared away, the swamps drained, he sees peaceful homes and farms, and little children walking along the roadside on their way to school. There is the dream of the statesman about freedom, the dream of the scholar about truth, the dream of the scientist for human improvement. There is the dream of Lincoln in the slave market in New Orleans. The dream may not be fully realized but it points the way to reality. And it has within itself the power to seek expression in reality. O, the power wielded by the dreamers of the world! The wilderness and the dry land shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

> They are the music-makers
> And they are the dreamers of dreams,
> Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
> And sitting by desolate streams;
> World-losers and world-forsakers
> On whom the pale moon gleams,
> Yet they are the movers and shakers
> Of the world forever, it seems.

But after all, the thing we are really interested in is not the mirage but the pool. Life is a striving after reality, or it is nothing. Otherwise we are shadows pursuing shadows. The text is in line with normal experience. Life has a way about it of bringing us into touch with realities. When we have done our best, things may not turn out as we had planned, but if we have done our best there the work stands, and God will not overlook our intentions and purpose. The fact that our best plans and programs often go askew is a sad perplexity, espe-

cially in life's early working day. High-minded youth starts out to be very logical. Things must go according to a certain order. "Consistency" is the watchword. Maturity begins to see that there is a higher order than logic. Experience teaches the wisdom and necessity of adjustment. This does not mean compromise. It means revising our actions because of greater knowledge gained by greater experience. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child." And Paul might have added, "When I was a young man, I spoke and thought and felt as a young man. Now that I am well on in life, I look upon things with the wisdom of maturity. But I have kept the faith. And I look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen, for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal." This wonderful, tumultuous fact of life, with its successes and failures, its heights and depths, its glories and its shame, its lights and shadows, leads us from the mirage to the pool. The dream has its power but after the dream comes the awakening, when there is real work to do. Every right-minded person ought to will to live, to live fully, to plunge into the stream instead of standing on the bank. That is what the cynic does. He stands on the bank criticizing the swimmers, and then when a wave comes along and sweeps him away, he feels wronged. "Life is a spectacle until a man has taken part in it. Death is a pageant until it has overshadowed a man's own house. Love is a song, a dream, a rainbow until it has entered a man's heart. And religion is a shadow until it has interwoven itself with a man's soul."

And finally, when the mirage has disappeared and we reach the pool, it is not necessarily full of bitterness and salt. After all, the pessimist is in the minority. People, in the long run, do arrive at a reality which they are willing to call good. This does not mean that they have settled down into fatalism, believing that life is as it is, and you might as well make the best of it. It does not mean that they have escaped disappointment. A certain amount of disillusionment is good for us. But if they have kept themselves free from the corrosive sublimate of cynicism, if they have followed their spiritual desires, they finally reach the center and heart of life and get hold of realities which they know will not fail.

When the anchors that faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that will not fail.

I know that right is right,
That it is not good to lie,
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find.

In the darkest night of the year
When the stars have all gone out
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that truth and right
Have the universe on their side.

> And that somewhere beyond the stars
> Is a Love that is better than fate.
> When the night unlocks her bars
> I shall see Him and I will wait.

These things are no mirage, no dream. We may lose hold of them for a moment, but our grasp will be all the firmer when we have seized them again. The mirage shall become a pool and through life's discipline and experience, faith and obedience, we shall reach that pool and find it filled to the brim with the water of life.

THE WAY WHICH IS DESERT

PRINCIPAL R. BRUCE TAYLOR, Kingston, Canada

"The angel of the Lord spake unto Philip saying, Arise and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza which is desert."——Acts viii. 26.

There were in the days of the Roman rule in Palestine several good roads leading from Jerusalem to Gaza. The best and the most frequented was the road that led down through the Valley of Aijalon, scene of so many encounters between Philistine and Hebrew in the old heroic days. This road struck the seacoast south of Jaffa and then followed the ancient road, trodden since the dawn of history by the caravans, between Egypt and the Euphrates. The other road held south from Jerusalem along the high land of Judæa, passed through Bethlehem and Hebron and then struck south-west by the foothills to this city by the sea. This was "the way which is desert." The greater part of its length lay along the wilderness of Judæa, parched by drought. Along this unfamiliar and unpopulated way Philip was sent at the bidding of his Lord. If he wondered at the choice that had been made for him, can we think it strange? The power of the spirit was in those days so great that wherever the Apostles went the signs of grace were present.

This command seemed to be the shutting up of activity. The road was desolate and Gaza itself presented no promising field for Christian work. But there was no hesitation in the obedience, and may we not think that the work of that day may have had much to do with the founding of the Church in the upper regions of the Nile? They are singularly attractive characters, these:—Philip with his obedience, his zeal, his openmindedness; and the Ethiopian with his search after truth, his feeling that in God's word there was the message for him, his ingenuousness, and his willingness to receive the stamp of a new life.

It is, however, with Philip and the desert way that we have to-day most specially to do. God's people are so often being asked to take that desert way when so many easier ways seem to lead to the same destination and result; they so often have the pain of seeing, when they are toiling with their difficulties, the cavalcade of others moving swiftly and easily along some other path, that in their obedience there is a certain grudge, a wish that God had chosen for them another and a more level track.

But there is something about the desert road that enlarges our sympathy and breaks down those barriers that in populous places men build around themselves. The solitary people on the desert road are more easy to reach than the crowds upon the Broadway of the occupied life. When you were crossing the Atlantic on a noble liner, you came up from breakfast one morning to see a smudge of smoke on the horizon ahead of you. By lunch time you were level with the cause of it all. A dingy old

Glasgow tramp steamer, her sides red with rust, her bow plunging deep into the sea, and at each plunge lifting her propeller out of the water. If you had been standing on Battery Point when she entered New York Harbor, you would never have given her a second look. But now, on the waste of waters, she is the only moving thing besides yourself, and you go down to your cabin and get your field-glasses, and, perched along the rail with the other passengers, you scan her carefully in the effort to read her name. It is the desert road that makes the kinship, and you have time to investigate. For upon that road social distinctions count for nothing. A man has the opportuntiy to read, and to think, and to remember. Events that seem haphazard fall into sequence. The very quiet is full of suggestion. Questions arise more quickly than answers. The mind begins to live its own life and those urgent claims of society and the narrow and material standards of society have no place in that quiet track and clear air. And even though we are hid from one another by turns in the road, there are so many of us in the desert way that any man who can explain to us that which our own souls are seeking will draw from us a very avalanche of response.

Towards the close of his life Stevenson wrote from Samoa to George Meredith, "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness; written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and, for so long,

it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been rightly speaking since first I came to the Pacific: and still few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on, ill or well is a trifle, so as it goes. I was made for a contest and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings and the open air over my head." [1] And the hold that Stevenson has upon us, the reason why his work, so much of which is comparatively slight, is being more and more bought, and conned, and treasured, is just because we feel that this man, himself upon a desert way, had heartening and interpretation to give to other wayfarers. He would not have gone that way of his own choice. Who would seek to have a life so burdened with weakness as his was? But being bidden to go that way he tramped it bravely without complaining and with a stiff upper lip, and he caught up with rich and poor travelling also that way, and he left them better and brighter for the intercourse, a little ashamed of their depression and their querulousness, a little more anxious to look up and see the sky.

It was this meeting in the desert way that made Philip declare to himself just what his faith meant and involved. Philip had been brought up in all the Jewish strictness. Those who lay beyond the covenant of circumcision were aliens to the commonwealth of Israel. All at once, in the very infancy

[1] Letters 4. 243.

of the Church, this question was sprung upon a simple Apostle in that desert way by a man counted by the Jews as altogether unable to belong to their religious fellowship. "See here is water: what doth hinder me to be baptized?" What indeed? Tradition and authority, on the one hand. And sympathy and faith and the spirit of the Master on the other. In a moment Philip accepted the responsibility and baptized the Ethiopian.

So the desert way is that in which, all on the instant, you are brought face to face with the question whether what you think you believe is only a pious or conventional opinion, or whether it is really the substance of a faith on which you are prepared to act and to rest. The crowded life and the jostling city streets give you no time to detach in your mind the things that really matter from the things which are the conventional apparatus of orthodoxy. But at any moment in the desert way you may be brought up against facts that will compel you to declare yourself, will compel you to state to yourself whether your faith is your own or merely a pious probability.

Perhaps you have come in the desert way to face disappointment, for this, of all human experiences, is the most universal. No one of mature life but has known what disappointme nt means, and behind our placid faces there is always something that may involve, not any bitterness, but certainly a poignant regret. There are not many lines in our language more sad than this:

"The little house we built to be so happy in."

It stands for so much, for the love that was going

to fill it and for the hundreds of small, personal, private, cherished hopes that in this grim life have somehow miscarried. We often look at men and think that they represent success. Success, after all, is a relative term and the amazing thing is that so often people, who have in them greatness enough to succeed, have likewise in them littleness enough to turn a comparative failure into dust and ashes. Mark Pattison ended his days as Master of Lincoln College, Oxford. He was the Casaubon of George Eliot's "Middlemarch," and one of the great scholars of his day. At this time Oxford was changing from the old, easy-going, semi-monastic life, to the more intense and scholarly existence that is its splendid position now. The Master of the College was elected by the Fellows, and, when a vacancy took place, Pattison was passed over by a mean cabal and another in no way his equal was elected to the office. That was an experience surely common enough to have in its familiarity its remedy. But for Pattison, great scholar as he was, the situation had no gleam of light in its darkness. He was completely upset by the trouble. The autobiography is full of things that no man should let himself think, much less write. And when, ten years later, the Mastership did come to him on a second vacancy, it found him a man embittered, to whom the desert road had brought nothing but misery and pain. Brains and character have, often enough, hardly a bowing acquaintance.

But the details of that desert journey have to be filled in by every man for himself. One of the frequent sorrows of life is the misunderstanding that

separates old friends. Time itself may work the trouble; the choosing of a different profession and the falling into different ways of thinking; the lining up on separate sides in politics; the marrying of a woman who separates a man from his old interests and friends. All these, or any one of them, may mean loneliness and the avoidance of places which in the old days were full of laughter and good fellowship. Or it may be the pain of having your character and veracity questioned. That is the kind of attack to which proud men will make no reply. They suffer, but they suffer silently. They remember that he who excuses himself accuses himself. They are afraid that their own exculpation might involve another in their reproach. And so because of the spirit of chivalry, they take the road alone and follow it without complaining.

And then there is the most desert road of all where you stand face to face with your Saviour and understand without any shrouding of the facts from yourself that henceforth you are going to be a very lonely man. Nothing can bring back the past, nor can it repeat itself. Your body grows older but still more does your heart. And there do come upon those, who for decades seem to have been sheltered from sorrow, blows that repeat themselves as though destiny meant to average its joy and pain. In these distresses some people simply lie down. They can find nothing of companionship upon that desert road, and they fall by the wayside and never resume their journey. And there are others who follow the path again, but with eyes that have lost their light, and tempers that only endure until their

day be done. And there are others who cover their sorrow with a laugh, whom the world thinks callous because they protect themselves and the privacy of their souls by this obvious device. Sir William Osler, who was surely the beloved physician and whose life we all have been reading, had one son, born to him when he was in middle life, and upon this lad all of a strong man's love was poured. When war broke out the boy did his duty and volunteered at once. There were the months of training with all the variety of interest, and then the experiences of the Front with its heroism, and its dirt, and its pain. And then one day the news that the lad had been hit and was dying, and a few hours later the story that he was gone. Osler, who had done so much for other people's sorrow, did not let this blow, which finally was to kill him, turn him aside for a day from his work, but went on. He doubtless said that the desert road was not as empty as people thought it, but his friends saw him age as he tramped it and the distress was in a short time to end his own life. But he never faltered. The things that he had destined for his boy he turned to uses that others might enjoy. His library, so carefully read, each book filled with his own annotations, he gave to his old Alma Mater, McGill University, and his house in Oxford to those who should succeed him in his Chair. And so it is that as men read his books or cross the threshold of his old home, they think of the way in which one brave man trod the desert road and showed that his own philosophy of life was not unreal.

Two men journeying upon a way that was desert,

and even to-day for you and me there is sunshine in that story of the Ethiopian and Philip. For one knew the will of God and sought to do it; the other sought the will of God that he might be able to do it. They met, the seeker and the finder, and the dew of its youth is still upon that story of two thousand years ago. Even a trickle of water by the wayside became a baptismal font. The inward faith saw the outward opportunity. The place where the traveller stopped to refresh his thirst was made the starting point of a new life.

The way that is desert—every way is desert for a heart that will not look up. Laurence Sterne said, "I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and can say, 'Tis all barren!' and so it is, and so is all the world beside to him who will not use the fruits it offers." And where faith is, there the road, taken with all human disinclination, becomes a way on which you find your strength. Thirty years ago I began my ministry in a little village in the uplands of Ayrshire in Scotland. It was a place most isolated, shut off by the moorland from much human companionship. The people had been hand-loom weavers, and as the hand-loom disappeared before the power-loom, they had fallen into great distress. Underfeeding, intermarrying and lack of knowledge had contributed to the spread of tuberculosis, and the young people died like flies. One old widow, who had had seven in her family, had, when I knew the neighborhood first, but one child left, a daughter of twenty-three. She, too, sickened, and struggled, and died. The morning after her death I went down early before breakfast to ask for my

old friend, fearful as to whether she could have borne up against her distress. The house was the usual "but and ben," and at a rapping at the door the cheeriest of voices invited me within. "Come awa' in," she said, "I ken your foot." I entered and explained that I had lain awake thinking of her, wondering how she had carried her sorrow. She was busy at the moment, blackening her fireside with a brush, and she turned around and said, "My laddie, dinna you fash" (Don't you trouble yourself), "I'm abune masel," (I'm above myself). It was the finest thing I ever heard and it came from an old woman, almost illiterate, upon whom there had come sorrow after sorrow. A desert road indeed, but a Comforter there! There is a great phrase in the Book of Daniel with which those who sorrow might very well comfort themselves. "Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire . . . Lo, I see four men walking in the midst of the fire and they have no hurt, and *the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.*"

THE ATTAINMENT OF FREEDOM

Dr. Peter Ainslie, Baltimore, Maryland

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."——John viii. 32.

In this text there is a vision, a search and an attainment. I say a vision because it is in the future tense; I say a search because no one finds the truth without searching for it; I say an attainment because freedom is not something that can be thrust upon you like a cloak, but must be attained. This attainment sometimes comes at great cost; it can never be without some cost.

The vision is glorious because it is the vision of Jesus and a radiance from Him gives illumination to the path that we must tread. "Shall" is an auxiliary to the future tense as expressing a determination, a command. It is not only something that must be done, but something that I must do. It is a word of authority. "Thou shalt" or "thou shalt not" is the language of law-givers and commanders. The worth of the human soul is observed in the majesty of decision when it says, with an echo to the last domain of conscience, "I will." It is then that obstacles fall down as though they are pressed by the feet of a tornado.

The bad habit of a vacillating will is among the

most discouraging conditions in the way of human progress. The world's wickedness and helplessness must be met by a decision that includes and expresses itself in self-giving, checking wickedness on one hand and upholding helplessness on the other, while its vision sweeps down the path made radiant by Jesus.

He lives best who lives in the future. While the farmer is plowing his land he is living in the months when the harvest will be gathered. He plants his orchard and, at once, there is before him in the coming years trees laden with fruit. It is so with those engaged in merchandising, commerce, manufactures, trades, professions, art, inventions and discoveries. They all look to the attainment of things and their attainments are the prophecies of spiritual attitudes. "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." No one can get rid of this vision in himself. The divine in us lies hid ineradicably beneath the debris of our thoughts and purposes and dreams. Our best is for ever standing in abeyance. A thousand things may blur our vision, but some day a great experience comes. The long-obscured vision is cleared as one wipes clean with towel and water the dusty window-pane and abeyance gives place to action.

We work with individuals, and the work is cheered not so much by what they are as by what they promise to be. Every spiritual worker carries his spy-glass with which he is constantly looking into tomorrow. We preachers in preparing our sermons

could never make appeals for decisions for Christ or give exhortation for growth in Him if we did not see, in the midst of our preparations, people making decisions for Christ and others showing forth the fruit of righteousness. Destroy this vision in the preacher, and you kill in him the spirit of evangelism; destroy in the individual the vision of his growth toward God and you deaden his soul. The "shall" of my text foretells the possibility of all. It is the door set ajar. It is a ray of light falling across a world of darkness. It is the approach to the miracle of looking through the eyes of Jesus. The assurance comes as a summons with compelling force. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

To search and to find out is one of the controlling factors of the soul. Thinking implies adventure into the unknown. A Persian lad asked: "Does God think?" And the answer was: "Man thinks because he does not know. God knows and so He does not think." Thinking enlists man in the campaign for truth. He may traverse the fields of the universe. With telescope and microscope he has gone far and wide, and has brought back astonishing results. He has commanded electricity and found road-beds on the currents of the air. In his indomitable search the physical world has given up its secrets as a pledge that the spiritual world will likewise yield its secrets when the same degree of the indomitable search possesses the soul. Voices come from the lowest strata of the rock as from the farthest stars calling to the soul to make adventures toward God. An indescribable urge is within us,

and I would pray with Fénelon: "O God, I would have no other desire than to accomplish Thy will. Teach me to pray. Pray Thyself in me." God is here. Only the soul's unfaith and timidity make uncertain our approach; but, in spite of all hesitancy, the desire to know gives color to our thought and expectation.

Preceding the words of my text are these words: "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed." Christ cannot be found by geographical calculations nor by scientific dimensions. Creeds are too narrow boundaries for approaches to Him. I do not disparage scientific findings nor creedal declarations, but they are merely incidental to the fact of Christ. Discipleship is satisfied only with Him. To Pilate's question—"What is truth?" multitudes have sought to formulate answers. Pens of the nations have been scribbling out definitions. What one group labels "orthodox," another labels "heterodox." The calendar moves up a little. The descendants of the accused and the accusers somewhat shift in their adjustments to a new calendar, so that what one age affirms, a later age modifies or denies.

We linger too long in the field of the less difficult. Making physical adventures and writing creeds are easy tasks by the side of adventures toward God. To walk the way, to find the truth, and to hold the life—these are the challenges thrown down by Jesus Christ, when He affirmed: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." You cannot put Christ in a book any more than you can put Him in marble statues or on richly colored paintings. Truth is in

personality—in Him, in you, in me, in all whose discipleship has started them on the way. It comes into us like the tides—slowly, but surely. We are made for the possession of truth. "We are His people, and the sheep of His pasture." To deny us truth is worse than denying bread to the hungry or water to the thirsty. "Did I not tell you there ought to be a God like that?" said an old woman in Africa, when she first heard the Gospel. In the experience of mankind must come the reality of God as revealed in Jesus Christ our Lord. It is the most beneficent dream in human possibilities, and alone satisfies the reality of religious experience.

I am not disturbed about the logic of religion. Indeed, religion is not logical. It is rather alogical and is as little rational as the passion of love and hate, which to gain its object may fling prudence, calculation and reason all to the winds. It was this understanding of religion that moved the Apostle Paul to say: "I count not my life dear unto me," and "I can do all things through Christ." Such was the declaration of passionate love. This is the path by which we come to know the fullness of truth—the costliest path that man ever walked. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

There must be freedom if there would be growth. The consciousness of God is essential to both growth and freedom. That He is here is the greatest fact of time. Before the days of Christianity a Grecian poet had said: "We are His offspring," upon which the Apostle Paul elaborated, saying: "In Him we live, and move, and have our being." God is free

and He is striving to bring the unfree into freedom. The way of Jesus is the path to that freedom.

Failure to grow and to attain freedom is due to stupidity of mind and callousness of heart. Long before the days of Jesus, Heraclitus said: "To those who are awake there is but one world, but sleepers have each a little world of their own." To walk the way of Jesus one must abandon his little world of individual provincialism and find the paths of universal fellowship. God is in mankind. In looking upon men and women we see Him, sometimes wretchedly obscured, sometimes amazingly complex, and sometimes radiant as if with the glow of heaven, but nevertheless God. Jesus hallowed God's character in the poverty-stricken, the sick, the criminal and the outcast. Above all their evil and wretchedness, He saw God. It seemed, as He looked into faces of the ignorant, the discouraged, and the wrong-doer, He was for ever saying: "Father hallowed be Thy character." In this belief war could not continue, the poor could not be oppressed, racial strife would diminish, the multitude of wrongs that crowd the day's transactions would be halted and the standard of brotherhood would be the evidence that freedom had been attained.

Each of us has his problem to solve. We can only solve it fairly when we do it in the consciousness that God is here, urging us onward, lifting us over all barriers—denominational, racial, national and social—guiding us on the way of Jesus with all the cost that it entails, and laying upon us the assurance that our minor experiences with God are the undisputed evidences that the reality of the life that

we now possess is but the beginning of the life whose range of vision and fellowship of souls are as wide as the universe. It is the most difficult task in human experience to bring the soul to the realization that God is here. It is the divide between faith and unfaith, between love and unlove, between timidity and adventure, between indolence and action. Character cannot be formed without action. We must study our obligations to God and mankind if our actions are to conform in the slightest degree to the acts of Him who sought to show men how to live. Because He is the life-giver, the growth of all divine life is for ever toward freedom. It cannot be harnessed by creeds nor theological systems; it cannot be imprisoned by anathemas; it finds its way to the larger life as seeds planted in a cellar in the dark grow by sickly stalks to the crevice where they may find the sunlight and unimprisoned air. It is only in the realization of divine life in us that the attainment of freedom is possible.

To every individual belongs the "shall" of my text. I cannot suggest a method by which any can find a moral right for declining it. To every one belongs the privilege of searching, attended with all the romance of adventure. The attainment of freedom is the inherent right of the human soul. The pathway to this attainment requires laying aside the world's standards in the gentleness and humility of Jesus. Then "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

Dr. William L. Sullivan, St. Louis, Missouri

"Whereas I was blind, now I see."——John ix. 25.

It would be hard to find a sentence more moving than this. It was spoken by a man born blind who had been restored to sight. For the first time in all his life the fields, the streams, the sky, the stars, the faces of his fellow-men were his by clear knowledge and not by dim report. That long-shut window of his mind was opened and the light of day poured into the chamber that had never hoped to see it. In this enlargement of his life and transformation of his spirit, his one answer was to those who tried to disparage this tremendous experience of his: "I was blind, now I see." Before that fact all theories fell away. In the presence of that reality every subterfuge for evading the significance of it was useless and senseless. A new world was his and he was a new man that possessed it. Let the Pharisees theorize; their theories could not diminish his joy, nor take away his certainty of deliverance from bleak imprisonment, nor deny the glory of his re-birth from darkness into light. At last he saw.

Whether we take this narrative as fact or parable, or symbol, the central substance of it retains its

truth. This substance is that by a power which we are obliged to call divine, the souls of men blind without knowing it, or knowing it, hopeless of recovery, are awakened into vision and changed from within—and forever. They that were blind are made to see. And they are made to see by a process the detailed steps of which, if detailed steps there are, they do not clearly understand. It seems to be rather a happening than a process; illumination rather than logic; wisdom bestowed than learning acquired. They can give you an account of their former condition and a statement of the change that has transformed it, but to the question how the transition was made from one to the other, they can only answer: "Whereas I was blind, now I see," and bow in thankfulness to the Power from whom they know their vision comes. Or if sometimes they go beyond this, and try to put their experience into intellectual propositions, these propositions will have of course to be built up of such ideas as the level of their culture supplies. These may be quite wrong though the experience is indisputably a fact. When, for example, such an experience as we are now dealing with happened to an ancient Greek, he would attribute it to one of his gods, Zeus, let us say, or Athene, or Apollo. He would be in error in doing so, for there are no such beings; but he would not be in error in knowing that the experience had come to him, nor, probably, in believing that it had come from a divine source. He misconceived the nature of the divine, but he could not help this. Such names as he had for the eternal Reality, he used; but that intellectual shortcoming does not invalidate

the spiritual occurrence. We can seek and in our measure know God by a pure faith even if we have not a correct theology; as on the other hand we may have a correct theology and have no faith in its sublime sense, at all, nor any inner communion with the Supreme Spirit. In a word, spiritual experience is not dependent upon our rationalized interpretation of it. The experience is the prior and fundamental thing; the theological terms that we may employ in describing it are later and subordinate. We do not need to be delivered from the temporal to have glimpses of the eternal.

Treating, then, not of the transient theology but of the transforming experience that lies beneath it, let us give an illustration or two of how this redemptive work is done in the history of souls.

Suppose, first, a man who is an ardent disciple of his religious sect. Honestly as well as earnestly he believes it to be the highest teacher of the truth. In his devotion to it he acquires, let us say, the habit of diplomatic reticence concerning its deficiencies and of exaggerated emphasis upon its virtues. He falls next into the custom of greedily believing evil reports of other churches on the principle of perverse attachment, that the blacker everybody else is the whiter we are. He reads history with eyes thus distorted whenever history touches upon his sect. He may even write history someday. If he does, he presents it, as far as he dares, with clever suppressions and in the color of his prejudice. So one step follows another in the disintegration of veracity. Yet he would resent being called a falsifier. He has not all along been aware of his descent

toward the pit which is falsehood. The great word loyalty has misled him because he has mistaken the order and rank of loyalties and has put first what should never be first. He deserves the reproach which in striking and terrible phrase Lord Acton once uttered against an eminent churchman of his own faith: "He is not the servant, but the manipulator of Truth."

Such is his state, and for years he may remain in it thinking that he sees, but in reality blind. Then one day the word that works wonders speaks in his heart. He hears the voice of an authority that is not of his choosing, and it commands him to follow and to serve the truth. His eyes are opened. He sees Truth no longer as an instrument for promoting the interests of partisanship, but as an august Presence with an inherent right to dominion over minds. He sees its beauty and perfection. He sees its deserted altar, and knows that he has been one of those who have deserted it. But wilfully he can never desert it again. Henceforth his place is there; and communion with that Presence which is the fulfillment of his soul becomes a constant aspiration of his life. He is reborn and redeemed. In as true a sense as the man born blind he comes into the possession of a kingdom; but by a greater marvel and mystery he possesses it through a vision of its King.

Let us take one example more. Here is a man who contrives for himself what he calls a practical philosophy of life, a way of living, he says, that has no nonsense in it. The way to get on is to be hard, he declares. If people are in your way throw them

out of it if you can; overreach and delude them, if that seems better; but by any means efficacious for the purpose set them aside and forget them when they have been put behind you. Then when you get success without scruple, enjoy it without remorse. As for any duty speaking from eternity, or any destiny that has a sovereign Spirit at the other end of it, or any grace and nobleness that enlarge the soul with a sense of trust and peace in divine fidelity, he will have none of these. He will quote for you from learned men who deny the reality of such things, as so many do who judge of their souls by such outward testimony instead of judging this testimony by their silenced souls. Skeptical of spirit he is credulous of sense—the most fearful credulity there is. Scornful of the Highest, he yet makes himself a highest. Having put out his eyes so that he cannot see anything that is glorious, he bids you to see glory in all that is mean.

Then comes for him also the appointed hour. One day the accustomed clamor dies away. The lower excitements are still. The usual voices of low seduction fall to silence. He sees his soul. He hears the voice of conscience, quiet and calm, as it always is, giving utterance to an everlasting law. Forgotten forms of beauty move into the field of his recovered vision. They are Justice so little heeded, Wisdom so long kept out, Fidelity so many times profaned, the Peace so completely lost. These make up the world that he should have lived in and has not. These alone give happiness. These, when all things besides crumble and sink to dust, remain as the fulfillment of souls. They were his inheritance

and he flung them away, though nothing upon the whole earth can be desirable without them.

He sees at last. He sees the folly that is disguised by passion; the emptiness that is celebrated by a certain kind of learning; the ruin that is recommended by the loud voices of vulgarity. And seeing this he can never be the same again. This indeed is the peculiar wonder and witness of the soul's regeneration. Once let us look upon the uncreated glory, once let us open our eyes upon the Justice that rules from everlasting, the Truth that speaks from the infinite Source of all, the living Beauty and the deathless Love for which our souls are made, and we are not the same any more forever. Even if after that we sin, we are haunted and pursued by the transcendent Reality that we have known. Changed from within is every soul who will allow the Holiest One to enter it and speak to it.

Each of us, dear Friends, conscious of his falling short, and remembering his narrowness and selfishness may say, "I was blind." Now may we also expect the redeeming power, the light that illuminateth every man; turn to it in trust, receive its unfailing grace, and be able to say: "I see. I see the solid meaning and divine purpose of life. I see the way of my high vocation. I see restoration beyond failure, the stars beyond the darkness, the healing appointed for the hurt, the peace that assuages our warfare, the truth that dispels our ignorance, the Lord God in the highest Who leads us according to His love."

LIVING WITH OTHER PEOPLE

Dr. Alexander Mac Coll,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Part of the difficulty in living with other people comes from the fact that we are so much alike. We are alike in this; that many of us who are trying every day to live with other people have not learned to live happily with ourselves. We are so constantly in our own company that we are "fed up" with ourselves, or we are disappointed with ourselves, or not altogether honest with ourselves; especially we are forgetful that there is One who knows all about us, from Whom there can be no secrets. We live constantly with our regrets, our grievances and our fears, and then to use the popular phrase, we "take it out on other people" who are so unfortunate as to live with us, and who frequently are in just the same plight. Much of the friction of the world without is simply the surface symptom of daily irritation within. When two people who try to live together are both of them unhappy, or introspective, or resentful, or moody, or mean, or pessimistic, the combination is not likely to be successful.

But no less the difficulty of living with other people is traceable to the fact that we are so unlike. For in the marvel of the Creator's work, no two

human beings are just alike, even in appearance, close as resemblance may be; still less in disposition, in temperament and in taste. Many of the difficulties of living together which are brought to our notice in Scripture arose from such differences. Sometimes the people concerned were children of one family. To Cain and Abel there was given the difficult job of living together as brothers, but they were so different that it proved impossible. Their occupations were different; Abel was a keeper of sheep, Cain was a tiller of the ground. And their dispositions were different; Abel apparently was kindly, openhearted, patient and reverent; Cain was selfish, envious, secretive and hot tempered. Their tragedy was the first vain effort to live together which issued in murder. Jacob and Esau were another pair who had similar difficulty. They were different in appearance. Esau, we are told, was a hairy man, and Jacob is rightly called a smooth man —for a smooth article he was. Esau was a rough diamond, a man of the open air, a hunter with a big appetite; to him nothing seemed so immediately important as the satisfaction of his appetites. Jacob was his mother's boy, rather too good to be genuine, a man with a keen eye to the ultimate interests of Jacob, the first to have that strange combination of piety and trickery which has worked such dreadful havoc in the world. Between two such boys difficulties were inevitable and they came. Before we leave Esau, here is another glimpse of the sources of trouble in living together. Esau, we are told, was forty years old when he took to wife Judith, the daughter of Beeri the Hittite, and Bashemath, the

daughter of Elon the Hittite. Esau was captured by a pretty face or a comely figure—no real community of interest, no kinship in the same sacred heritage, no common worship of God, no common aspiration after better things. No wonder we read this pathetic result, "which were a grief of mind to Isaac and to Rebekah." If a boy and girl today who have hardly known one another—in love, not with each other, but with being in love, with romance, adventure and a good time—try out of their varied heritage, and habits, and likes and dislikes, to construct a happy home, is it any wonder that disaster so often comes, and the issue is the divorce court? Abraham and Lot were kinsmen who tried to live together and work together. Here it is noticeable that the trouble which made it difficult for them to live together was made largely by other people. How many cases there are of this; what tragedies of division and of bitterness, the tale bearer, the indiscreet friend, the unwise parent have brought into being!

In the New Testament we have a glimpse of Mary and Martha and Lazarus engaged in the fascinating business of living together—all of them very different. Martha was a woman of character and decision, always active, always busy about the house, keeping everything in the finest order, a model housekeeper: Mary, rather dreamy, meditative, introspective, disposed—had she lived in our time—to sit down in a corner with a book, ready to postpone the more active things that can be done at some other time. How many an appeal like that of Martha to our Lord—"speak to my sister"! Laz-

arus apparently was largely a negative character, noted not so much for the things he did as for the things he did not do, a useful brother who plays a minor part in the story until his day of sickness and death came. When such contrasts of interest and temperament exist, usually there are faults on all sides when it proves impossible to live togther happily, but not always. For among the sorrows of our Lord was that His home life was not always happy, and one cannot believe that He was at fault. His brothers did not believe in Him, tried to depreciate Him, said He was mad, sought to have Him confined. And even His mother sorely tried Him because she could not see what He saw, or know what He knew.

Now the secret of living together happily in the home, in business and in the community is to be found, I believe, in recognizing frankly and thoughtfully the two facts of which I have spoken—that we are so much alike, and that we are so much unlike.

1. The fact that we are so much alike ought to make us very patient with one another. Have you ever, for instance, had a day when you did not feel very well? It was something you ate, or the weather was atrocious, or the noises of the city had jarred on sensitive nerves, or you were suffering from a bit of overwork or overworry. You were not at your best that day, were you? Then do not expect other people to be always on the crest of the wave. (Yet here is a definition of friendship which some one gave me the other day: Friendship is always coming to people at your best). Many queernesses in other people, as well as in us, are due to physical

conditions, sometimes conditions of which the victim is conscious, sometimes hidden and obscure. Let us then, who are, most of us, a bit queer, be patient with others in their queernesses.

And then this recognition that we are so much alike should make us very forgiving. It was a master stroke of Jesus that when men came to Him pouring out the wrongs of life, He always turned the searchlight right into their own hearts and seemed to ask, "Don't *you* need to be forgiven?" Remember that, and find the secret of the treatment of others there—"forgive us as we forgive others."

And finally the recognition that we are so much alike ought to make us speak of the best in others and expect the best in others. We are, most of us, very sensitive to atmosphere. If people are critical and antagonistic, we show at our worst. "He could do no mighty work there"—it is written of Jesus in a place where people depreciated Him. In an atmosphere of sympathy and confidence when others seem to believe better things of us than we know we are worthy of, the impulse is to try to be worthy of them. And this of course is true of other people. And so one secret of living with them in any relation of life is to overlook a good many faults, and expect and speak about the best in them. "Somehow you all just bluffed me into being better. I wasn't used to being bragged on, and it made me want to be good more than anything in the world" —so said "Lovey Mary" to "Mrs. Wiggs."

2. But the secret of living happily with people in any relation of life is to be found in frank recognition, not only that we are like them, but that we

are so unlike them; in frank recognition that they are different, and have a right to be different. Most of the troubles of the world come from a lack of respect for personality. The man who attempts to use his home simply as a sphere for the indulgence of his own self-interest, and who would make wife or children his slaves, has at the heart of his offense a lack of respect for them as personalities endowed of God with the same rich trust given to every man and woman who walks this earth. The man who uses his employees simply as hands or tools for the working of his ends has at the root of his sin a lack of respect for the personality of his brother men, who are entitled to the same fine consideration as human beings, the same right to prosper and enjoy which he claims for himself. The things that divide us one from another as citizens of a common state, the things that divide nations in hatred and bitterness have at their heart, as a rule, more than anything else, a lack of respect for the greatness and sacredness of human personality.

And then we ought to recognize gratefully that we are unlike, because only when we are unlike is a happy home or a successful business or a prosperous community likely to result. We are not meant to be duplicates or triplicates, each simply a copy of the other; rather our gifts and talents and tastes are to be complementary, each of us supplying something that is lacking in the other, each of us making his contribution which no other perhaps so well can make to the common good of the home or business or the state. When you find a happy home, it is usually because one of the family supplements the

other; the adaptations of conflicting taste and temperament have been happily made, each considers the other or finds joy in helping the other to be useful or to be happy. When you find a successful business, it is usually because the partners are not alike, but because they are different, each supplying happily something which the other lacks; each happy in one bit of the work which he can do better than the other, leaving the other to do his part with his peculiar skill. So in the whole broad sweep of life in the city, in the state, among the nations, it is when we learn Paul's great lesson that we are "members one of another," that we are necessary each to the other's good—each contributing something for the enrichment and enjoyment of the other's life—it is then that the great program of living together is on the way to be realized. One of the amazing things about this great country of ours—perhaps the last effort of Almighty God on behalf of mankind, as Emerson suggested—is that here men and women of all races and kindred and tongues are merging their infinitely varied heritage in the wonderful fabric of our citizenship.

No small part of the business of religion is to help men and women to live happily with themselves and with other people. And the way to live with other people which I have attempted to describe in this sermon is all summed up with the marvelous terseness of this sacred Book in these great words: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

WORSHIP AS INSIGHT

PROFESSOR THEODORE GERALD SOARES,
University of Chicago

"When the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man."——Luke xxiii. 47.

That was a great moment in the life of the centurion. He was a rough Roman soldier to whom the torture of crucifixion was part of the day's work. He was accustomed to human agony and perhaps, as often happens to those familiar with cruelty, he had even come to enjoy it. But here was a different victim. The soldier was startled into a recognition of the unusual character of the man who had just yielded up his spirit to the Father. It was for him a moment of insight. What came of it we do not know, but at that moment the soldier saw a great meaning.

To all men at some time come such revealing experiences. Life is suddenly illuminated; they see truth, value, duty, with a wholly new glory and appeal. I remember a young man at the birth of his first baby. He had always seemed commonplace and careless. But now he held in his arms a son. The wonder of fatherhood was in his face. It was a great moment; and I think he was making some high resolves.

Men become heroes in their great moments. The young millionaire stood on the deck of the sinking vessel. The life-belt that was the one slim hope of safety was fastened about him. But he saw a poor woman from the steerage without one. Quietly he took his off and helped her to adjust it on herself. What would it profit him to save his life and lose his manly courage and self respect? It was a great moment and he saw things as they are.

A man who was described as utterly irreligious—though perhaps we do not know enough to speak so of anyone; at all events, he was a man of evil speech—had occasion to visit a hospital on business. He was obliged to go into the children's ward. He had never been concerned about the suffering of children. But face to face with these little creatures lying on their white cots in helplessness and pain, his heart was touched. It was a great moment for him. He gained insight into the meaning of institutions for the alleviation of suffering. Before he left the building he had written a large check for the children's ward.

In many ways come these unusual experiences. It may be in some inner crisis of one's career. Called to make a great decision, to meet severe disappointment, to assume high responsibility, one may be lifted out of his common self so that he scarce understands his own feelings. He finds himself capable of a detachment, of a measurement of values, that would have seemed beyond his power.

The high moment may come in the presence of great beauty. In the majesty of the sea, in the wonder of the mountains, before some masterpiece

of human skill, one may attain suddenly that exaltation of spirit that leads to insight.

It is doubtful if any life is altogether without some unusual outlooks; and when they come they are very significant. But they may not come very often. To some they come only a few times in a whole life. It is rather pathetic when people remember two or three notable occasions when they were lifted out of themselves into momentary greatness. Wistfully they look back to them and treasure the memory as of something never to be known again.

It would be very wonderful if there were some way to get these high moments more often, even regularly, and perhaps with less of the violence that often robs them of their value. If we could have a great view of life every day, putting things in their proportion, the things that are seen as temporal, the things that are not seen as eternal, the abidingness of faith, hope, and love, with love supreme; if we could somehow feel not only at death but in life that man is a son of God; if every morning the high call could come to us as it came to Isaiah in the temple-vision—then might we live great lives. But it would seem that any such regular exaltation would be impossible. The most that seems attainable is that the resolves of the great occasions may carry over into the duller hours and keep us faithful. So Matthew Arnold has admonished us:

> We cannot kindle when we will
> The fire that in the heart resides,
> The spirit bloweth and is still,
> In mystery the soul abides.
> But tasks in hours of insight willed
> May be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

Yet perhaps we are not so limited. There is a real sense in which we may kindle those spiritual fires when we will. There is such a thing as deliberately putting ourselves in the way of inspiration. For nothing less than that is the meaning of worship. Men have worshiped for many ends, little and great. But at its best, the meaning of true worship is to secure regularly and often those opportunities of insight, which otherwise would come only in exceptional moments and perhaps very infrequently.

All men will sometimes have flashes of meaning that reveal life as the lightning may show the way to the bewildered traveler. The worshiper may have steadily a lamp for his feet and a light for his path. Every day and every week, in private devotion and in the common religious assembly, we may put ourselves deliberately into the attitude for receiving the higher meanings of life. It has been well said that a few moments face to face with God in the morning may change the tone of the whole day. It is a common and blessed experience that the hour of worship on Sunday may give the sacred quality to all the duties of the week. If worship fulfilled itself it would be the means of bringing us with continual refreshing to a sense of the greatness of duty, the glory of justice, the blessedness of brotherhood, the wonder of the experience of fellowship with God.

But so often worship falls far short of any such result. If the purpose of worship is to secure regularly and often those opportunities of spiritual insight which otherwise would come only in exceptional moments and very occasionally, why is that purpose so little accomplished? Worship certainly

does not have for most of us the great place thus assigned to it. I think there are two reasons for the failure.

The first is that we do not really worship. We come to church and we have what we call a "service." It is a duty, a ceremonial, even a conventionality. It is something to be done as we wind the eight-day clock. I will not deny that the habit of church attendance has some value, but there comes no insight in that fashion.

What have we really done today in worship? We have gathered in the consecrated place which the community has set apart for this highest act of life. We have heard as we entered the solemn notes of the organ bidding us be quiet and listen. We have undertaken to speak to Almighty God, believing that the Eternal Reality of the universe is kin to our spirits and that we may utter our human longings, confident of response. We have spoken words that Jesus used, and that his disciples have repeated through the centuries, words that utter the wish that reverence may humble our hearts, that the great Good-Will may prevail, that our daily needs may be met, that we erring folk may forgive and be forgiven, and that in the moral conflict that is ever upon us we may be victorious through the Everlasting Righteousness. No one can pray that prayer in earnest and fail of insight.

If the Christian men and women and youth should ever pray the Lord's Prayer one Sunday morning, and mean it, there would come insight into our social problems that would carry us into blessed endeavors of friendship, justice, and peace.

Did anyone take the hymn lightly on his lips? That hymn came out of the experience of a great soul. Here was a man who loved his fellows, saw their troubles and their pain, grappled with the difficulties that make men afraid, and in it all found help in the companionship of Jesus. To Washington Gladden there was only one way to go. It was Jesus' way; and he sang his aspiration, "Oh, Master, let me walk with thee." He would walk in the way of human service, courage, patience, good work, happy confidence, gleaming hope and the peace that passeth understanding. Could one sing such longing of the heart and fail of insight?

But worship does fail because we do not mean it. We let these glorious expressions, hallowed by the faith of the saints, fall from our lips as if they were idle songs; or listlessly we do not even sing them, our thoughts wandering the while to business or pleasure or some fretting care. The Father seeketh such to worship him as worship in spirit and in truth.

But there is another reason why worship often fails to become insight. Though we pray with a deep sense of the value of prayer and sing with a true longing to enter into the experience of the divine fellowship, we may yet fail to carry over our worship into the ways of daily life.

Preaching recently at Harvard I quoted the hymn, "God is wisdom, God is love," an expression of joyous, triumphant faith; and at the end of the sermon we sang it. After the service President Lowell called my attention to the fact that it was written by Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hongkong, the

man who was responsible for the opium war, certainly one of the wickedest acts in history. I suggested that the hymn might have been written after he repented of his political sins, but we looked up the dates and found that he had always been the Christian governor.

Of course the easy conclusion would be that this hymn-writer was a hypocrite. He was pretending to be religious, while making political capital out of one of the most frightful curses that afflict mankind. But that explanation is too easy. There are probably not many hypocrites. The hypocrite is one who consciously uses his religious profession as a cloak for his evil doings. He would have men believe him righteous in order that he may impose on their credulity. Bowring was not doing that. If he had explained his conduct he would have said that he ardently desired to do the will of God but that a man in a responsible position must meet the exigencies of his situation. In his public capacity he must further the interests of the British Government; in his private capacity he could be a humble and happy follower of Jesus Christ.

Macaulay has an interesting description of a like episode in the life of the Earl of Rochester. In order to influence James II for political purposes the Earl employed the offices of a dissolute woman, to whose seductions the king was amenable. At the very time of this disgraceful intrigue, Rochester was writing in his diary expressions of his devout faith in God and of his blessed experience of the mercy of our Savior. There could have been no thought of anybody's reading the words; indeed, the diary

was long unknown in the private papers of the Earl.

How would Rochester have explained his double life? Doubtless he would have said that politics must be pursued by the best means available. How could a stateman deal with a stupid king bent on conduct that could only lead to ruin? If the wiles of a mistress could do what the arguments of the statesman could not effect, then one must use the means that were available. But when the quiet hour of devotion came, the man of God could forget the wretched policies of his office and give himself to the sweet communion that is possible in the blessed presence of God.

These men are not hypocrites. Their conduct is more subtle than that. They are finding in religion an escape from the harshness and the wickedness of the world. They would like to do God's will in every act of life, but in some spheres it is too difficult. Business and politics have their own standards and make their own stern requirements. As a vigorous admiral, with no very keen sense of humor, said in the Singapore debate in the House of Commons, "If the defense of the British Empire is to be trusted to the Sermon on the Mount then all I have to say is 'God help us.'" We were once told that the twelve-hour day was socially and morally wrong but industrially inevitable. Evidently it is very difficult to be an idealist in those hard spheres of life. So men worship God in church on Sunday as an idealistic escape from the harsh realities. They are not hypocrites. They would be glad if all that is good and true and beautiful could be universal. But

they feel that human society is backward and that its affairs call for rough methods. They thank God, however, that in worship they can forget the sordidness of life. They can think of better things, believe in a happier future, and pray for the "far-off divine event." They can give their money for all good causes, for they do love God and they do love men. They cannot let religion interfere with practical life for the two interests are different. So they worship in order to escape from the world. In such worship men may enjoy spiritual luxury but they will never attain spiritual insight.

Much of what has been called "other worldliness" has its ground in this desire to escape from the harshness of earth into the happiness of heaven. Instead of a brave endeavor to change this world, men give it up and look for a better. The whole problem of poverty is solved if you sing, "I'm the child of a king." What do the inequalities of earth matter when we are heirs of such riches? But there is no insight in such worship. It is simply running away from our troubles in order to enjoy our dreams.

The religion of the negro has often been condemned as divorced from morality. But he was only doing more thoroughly what the Christians have always done when they have made religion an escape. It has nothing to do with morality because it has nothing to do with this world at all. The negro is "walkin' 'round in God's heben," forgetting the earth with its harshness, its injustice and its moral demands.

The moral danger of enjoying worship because

of its contrast with common life is the same that occurs wherever we make cowardly escapes from reality. That glorious word "recreation" suggests that play is the means of making ourselves more truly partakers of life with its work and its seriousness. When we run away from work in order to play, when we enjoy play for ourselves and care nothing about its cost to another, when we have no interest that play may be for all men, and when we make play an end in itself, we have made of this glorious activity an escape from life instead of the recreation of personality for fuller life.

It is the same with beauty. Ruskin has taught us to see in beauty the reproach of ugliness. The enjoyment of beauty must not be an escape from the ugliness in which other men must live, it must be insight into the very meaning of God, bidding us make all things beautiful.

Very serious responsibility is then upon the worshiper. We are deliberately seeking insight into the greater meanings of life. We have come to a house dedicated to God. Here are the symbols of his presence; here are the memorials of those who lived and died in faith; and here occur the sacred acts that inspire us with religious feeling. If we have worshiped in spirit and in truth, we have felt that this is the house of God, and we have met God here. Now the worship is nearly ended. Soon the last tones of the organ will be silent, the pews will be empty, the doors will close behind us, we shall be out in the busy streets. Where will God be then? Will he remain in the quiet sanctuary till we come back again? No, God will be gone when the folk

are gone. He goes out with us into that life of social relations, into the tasks, the difficulties, all the hurrying crowding obligations. He goes with us to be insight into all the baffling meanings of life, that we may still believe out there in the busy world what we have here expressed in prayers, in songs, in hopes, and that we may be workers with him to make it true.

MORAL PREPAREDNESS

DR. MINOT SIMONS, New York City

"Create in me a clean heart, O God;
and renew a right spirit within me."——Psalm li. 10.

We live in a world of forces. In nature there are mechanical forces; in human nature there are spiritual forces. Both are necessary to us. We live in both. We have a certain measure of control over both. The mechanical forces are unmoral, the human forces are either moral or immoral. When moral, the soul uses both mechanical and moral forces for righteousness and peace. When immoral, the soul uses both for unrighteousness and war, individual or collective war.

Life is an issue between forces; some push upward, others pull downward. To the extent that the upward pushing forces prevail, we have life; if the downward pulling forces prevail, we decline and perhaps perish. Civilization is a triumph of the moral forces. In so far as we are civilized we can give right might. Might directed by right builds; might directed by wrong destroys.

Preparedness is not only in might and right but in the union of the two. There is no complete preparedness except in such union, but today my emphasis will be indicated by my text, to which I shall

continually return: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

Preparedness was yesterday, is today, and will be tomorrow, the great word. It is the great word for life. What forces are making for life—what against life? We want our children prepared for life. We send them to school and we provide playgrounds. We want them to have sound minds in sound bodies. What do we do for their morals? Do we prepare for their morals as carefully as we prepare for their minds and bodies? We readily admit that they must be educated in order to be prepared for life, but what do we mean by education? I raise the question merely to leave it with another question: What does it amount to if they are clever but untrustworthy? If they are clever we are proud; but if they are moral cowards, what then? Let me put the question directly to you. Suppose you hand over to them all the advantages of knowledge which money can buy, hand over to them all the equipment which can be used for success; but if their souls have had no training or discipline, what have you done? Are they educated? Are they prepared for life? They are not. The first thing needful has been utterly overlooked. They must be organized about moral principles and then all that makes for efficiency and happiness is likely to be added to them.

You now have in mind what I mean by moral preparedness for the nation. One prayer should be constantly in the national mind: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." For a nation to be prepared for its life is to be continually renewed in the right spirit. The

nation, however, must have a sound and a strong body. I would say as simply and unmistakably as language will permit that the United States must be prepared with adequate naval and military establishments for defense. Without them we are not prepared for life. I shall not dwell upon this point because for my present purpose it is enough merely to refer to it.

It is appalling to think that it is *now* in this twentieth century that nations are willing to go to war to achieve their ends. It is the part of wisdom to prepare for the *now*. Certain extremists urge upon us the moral superiority of a policy of non-resistance, and they urge us to scrap the army and navy as a lofty example of good will to men. I reply that there is no moral superiority in such a policy but quite the reverse. We have much to defend and we should be recreant if we were to allow ourselves to become too feeble for our trusts. At present we must be prepared with armaments which have some reasonable relation in strength to other armaments, or else indeed there would be no sense in having any. Some people fear the influence of those who live by the making of armaments. They point to the scandalous and unscrupulous influence of such persons in the past. But if we, ourselves, have no armaments what would protect us from such influences in other countries? In our own country we can, if we will, exercise some measure of control, but we have no control over the munition makers and the militarists, the autocratic and selfish powers outside of the United States.

If I go so far, however, with the advocates of

armaments they must go part way with me. Is there any person of sense who will maintain that munition plants, and armaments, the organization of industry and universal military training are the whole story of preparedness? Leave out moral preparedness and the most important thing is left out. Wealth—we have it, but wealth may be a force for decay. Is that not one of the clearest truths in human experience? Power—we have power but it may be a force for destruction. Armaments—they, too, may be agents for a selfish national ambition. What do these forces mean in themselves? Nothing—but forces. The way they are used determines what they mean.

"Modern war," it is said, "is a relentless test of organization, not only in armaments but in industry." True—but not all the truth. It is also a relentless test of spirit. "The final might of a people," it has also been said, "The final might of a people is a spiritual might." This also is true and without such spiritual might there is no real preparedness, either in war or in peace. Our national strength in this time of peace is being measured and tested by our spiritual might.

What will create such spiritual might? The answer to that question depends upon our answer to another question: What shall be the dominant idealism of America; that is, what shall be "the right spirit" for this country? I am convinced that the main trend among us is toward agreement upon the spirit of democracy, the idealism of democracy. Democracy is having its struggles to find itself. It is mightily disappointing and uncertain at times, but when we reach the depths of disappointment over it

we have to confess that its weaknesses and failures are those of immaturity. We are still undergraduates in democracy. Consequently there is nothing to do but to go ahead and grow up. There is no relief in turning backward. All other possible political devices have been tried and found wanting. Democracy is the only faith there is left. It must blunder along in its freedom and educate itself and moralize itself. The spirit of democracy must be our dominant idealism or we have none. We do not need more democracy so much as we need to cultivate and to improve the democracy which we already have.

Some people are crying out, "We need a conscious and dominating ideal in America." I believe we do, but if we have not learned what it is by this time we never shall. Moreover, if we have not the courage to apply it to all our life, to correct all disorder and drift, and to lead on to a still wider diffusion of spiritual and material well being, we never shall. As Ruskin once said: "If necessity breeds no heroism a people are not worth their own redemption." Gradually we are gaining courage and seeing the way to apply the ideals of democracy to all our life. Political democracy is but one expression of democracy. All community interests, activities, efforts, labors, must express the spirit of democracy, because it means this—the common welfare achieved in the spirit of fraternalism.

Moral preparedness in America means the cultivation of such a spirit wherever you are and in whatever you are doing—achieving the common welfare in the spirit of fraternalism. And as charity begins

at home, moral preparedness must begin at home. The spirit of democracy must go with us into every relationship of life, into our homes that they may be democratic, and into our business and social relations that they may be humane, constructive and fraternal. If we are friends among ourselves in our own country we shall be more likely to be friends with others. If our own house is morally in order it will make for internal and external security. Back of our armaments there must be not only physical and mental strength but a satisfied and loyal citizenship. The country must actually mean a blessing to its people. How can we expect loyalty from a man who lives and works under body-breaking, heart-breaking, soul-breaking conditions? I do not see how we can expect it. Only in so far as such conditions are removed can we be sure of a whole-hearted loyalty.

If there is to be industrial stability it must be enforced by the right spirit. Industrial problems have got to be taken out of the region of strife and war into the region of co-operation and fraternalism. We all have rather hazy notions of our rights and our duties. Traditions of force, of domination, of self-interest are still strong but arbitration and co-operation are groping their way and they are making headway. If there is less industrial warfare it is because the right spirit is beginning to prevail and because practical methods of adjusting differences are being discovered and applied.

If any one of us has any influence whatsoever in a situation where there is estrangement, if any one of us can bring to it a broad-minded sympathy and

understanding, a spirit of patience and of fair play, he can do something effective and practical in the way of moral preparedness. In the whole problem of patriotism we cannot overlook the significance of estrangement. You will remember that it was very serious in 1916 when the railroads and the brotherhoods had reached a breaking point. If groups of people at home feel more hostile against each other than against a foreign foe, it means definite national weakness.

At its best the spirit of democracy in the world's work seems to me to be this: A man does not work for me but with me—with and not for—not much of a difference in words but a vast difference in significance. Wherever people work with and not for there is a spirit of co-operation, of democracy, of fraternalism. Any one who advances that spirit is doing a big work in the moral preparedness of his country. The work is constructive, the worker is loyal and free.

It was evident in the Great Struggle, as someone has phrased it, "That nation is best prepared for war which is best prepared for peace." When we are really prepared for peace we are prepared to maintain peace. As never before the heart and mind of the world are concentrated on the prevention of war. It is not as simple a matter as one might think in his exalted moments. It is deeply involved in the degree of civilization which the world has reached. Today the world realizes that it is doubtful if civilization could survive another war which would inevitably be more destructive on a world-wide scale than the last war was destructive beyond any

other in human history. It may be that the fear engendered by such a doubt may be the one thing needful to surmount some of the chief obstacles at least to the organization of the world for peace. Look at it as Stuart Kennedy looks at it!

> Waste of muscle, waste of brain,
> Waste of patience, waste of pain,
> Waste of manhood, waste of health,
> Waste of beauty, waste of wealth,
> Waste of blood, waste of tears,
> Waste of youth's most precious years,
> Waste of ways the saints have trod,
> Waste of glory, waste of God—
> *War.*

To avert such waste, a waste even unto death, will require not only international machinery and an international mind but an international heart. The prevention of war requires a moral imperative which shall be decisive. It requires a spirit of international democracy, the well-being of all nations secured by a spirit of fraternalism. The prevention of war is today the great moral problem of the world. All other problems depend ultimately for solution upon the solution of the war problem. No matter how far we get in solving other national or international problems, everything may be suddenly brought to naught by the outbreak of war. That being the case, it is morally necessary above all other necessities to prevent war. And again, that being the case, moral preparedness is the supreme necessity.

A new proposition to this end is the outlawry of war. It is a moral proposition and it promises to

do a great good as a first step. No one provision is sufficient, or infallible, or automatic; but here is a proposition that touches the will. It establishes a moral attitude for us of great importance. As Senator Borah has said, "The first step in the abolition of war is the changing of the attitude of the public mind toward war, to give war its proper place in the public opinion of mankind."

To this end a moral educational process must be carried on until the public mind regards war as it regards murder, condemning war internationally as it condemns murder domestically, renouncing the use of force in the settlement of international differences and misunderstandings as it has renounced force in the settlement of domestic differences. There would then grow up an instinctive demand to substitute methods of reason and of law for methods of war.

The plan must be given profound consideration. Our War of Independence was illegal, but the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia and war upon Serbia were legal. War has always been recognized as legitimate, while Revolution has been regarded as treachery no matter what the aim. A court of international justice is important and helpful, a League of Nations is important and helpful, but both are almost fatally handicapped so long as a resort to war is considered legitimate according to the law and custom of the world.

Of course it is not assumed by any one that a moral attitude is going to be automatic or infallible, but is it not plain that it will help enormously, not simply as a formal matter but as a universal habit

of mind, to regard the making of war as a crime? No one suggests that invasion shall not be resisted, but it is believed that when the world comes to regard naturally and habitually that a nation making an aggressive war is doing a criminal act, that nation will not only hesitate but it will definitely try some other way in order to gain the decent judgments of mankind.

I profoundly hope that our own country may have the right spirit. We have aspirations that ought to be not only a blessing at home but a blessing abroad. Let them be strengthened by the consecration of religion: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

IRON CHARIOTS IN THE ROAD

Dr. James Gordon Gilkey,
Springfield, Massachusetts.

"The men of Judah drove out the inhabitants of the hill-country, but they could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron."——Judges i. 19.

One of the famous friendships of the last century was between Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Henry Hallam. They met at Trinity College, Cambridge, when Tennyson was nineteen and Hallam seventeen. Both were interested in literature, both wrote verses, and as their college course progressed their friendship grew steadily more intimate. When Hallam was twenty-one he took a long trip to the Continent in the hope of improving his health. The next year he died suddenly in Vienna. His untimely death was one of the saddest experiences in Tennyson's long life, and some of Tennyson's most moving verses were written in memory of their uncompleted friendship. Many of you are familiar with this lyric:

> Ask me no more, what answer should I give?
> I love not hollow cheek or faded eye,
> Yet, O my friend, I would not have thee die:
> Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live.

Ask me no more, thy fate and mine are sealed,
I strove against the stream and all in vain.
Let the great river take me to the main,
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield,
Ask me no more.

"I strove against the stream and all in vain." Those words describe one of the strange experiences through which all of us—sooner or later—must pass. Some of the obstacles in our path we can batter down. Time and again we can break free from the hindrances thrown about us. Yet there are other times when we must accept a tragic inevitable. No ingenuity of the mind, no skill of the hand, no resolution of the will can deliver us from the limitations we find on every side. "I strove against the stream and all in vain." Hallam was dead, and Tennyson could never get him back. All this recalls that quaint incident we were reading this morning in the Old Testament. "The men of Judah drove out the inhabitants of the hill-country, but they could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron." Those Hebrew warriors could master some of their foes. They were able to beat back the soldiers of the hill-country, and finally gain possession of fine table-lands and splendid mountain-tops. But the conquest of the valley was another story. The defenders there had chariots of iron, drawn up across the road. Nothing the Hebrews could do would break that barrier. Here were limitations that could not be pushed aside. The invaders could only confess their defeat, and live—with the best grace they could

muster—up in the highlands. Iron chariots in the road.

This is an experience that comes to us in many different ways. Here, for instance, is a man who—all his life long—has been making a heroic fight for success. At first he found a dozen obstacles in his way—poverty, ignorance, friendlessness. But one by one he battered them down. Now at fifty he seems master of life. Wealth, power, influence—all are his. Is there any land of dreams he cannot enter? Are there any chariots of iron drawn up across his path? If you knew him well enough, you would realize that the very thing he wants most is persistently denied him. He wants his sons able to carry on the work he has begun. But what a disappointment they are! Some strange law of heredity has given them the very weaknesses he abhors, and denied them the very qualities of initiative and achievement that have made him the man he is. The boys are made of poorer human material than their father. Everyone who knows them and knows him recognizes a fundamental difference. Can anything be done about it? Nothing. An ambitious father must confess defeat. Or think how often we see this situation in the homes about us. Here are two women who grew up together years ago. One has enjoyed an eminent professional career, the other has given her life to her family. Outsiders think that both women have everything they want. An open road to the land of dreams, and no sign of an iron chariot anywhere. But is life what these two women want? One would give everything to have a home and children—the two things life has denied

her. The other will carry to her grave disappointments that cannot be whispered to anyone. Iron chariots in the road.

> The bare bush close to my window
> Taps and scratches on the glass,
> Taps and scratches . . .
> It was a maiden once, with the wild heart of a poet,
> One who would not come into the house and be tamed . . .
> Some people fret at the glass from the inside,
> And some from without.

Did you think you were the only person here facing inescapable limitations and inexorable disappointments? Look closer at the lives about you. Every one of us finds an iron chariot somewhere. Jesus did, too. "The Son of Man must suffer and die." "Must." An iron chariot even for Him.

When we meet these insurmountable barriers, what are we to do? We can certainly remind ourselves that they do not necessitate unhappiness. Some of the happiest people the world has ever known have been people whose lives were tragically hemmed in by chariots of iron. Think of Jesus. A dozen bleak barriers were piled about Him. Poverty and hardship, the misunderstanding of friends and the hatred of enemies, and at the end of the road a cross whose shadow grew clearer and blacker every day. But was Jesus unhappy? "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, persecute you, say all manner of evil against you falsely. Rejoice, and be exceedingly glad!" We can be happy even if life does seem against us. And Jesus' happiness continued to the very end of His days. What are the words you hear Him saying just before Calvary?

"In the world ye shall have tribulation. But be of good cheer, I have overcome the world!" "Good cheer"—promised by a Man whose life had been one disappointment after another, and whose career ended in the agony of crucifixion. Ever since Jesus' time men and women have proved repeatedly that happiness—real happiness—can be found inside a ring of iron chariots. Listen to these sentences from a recent autobiography. "There are many penny philosophies of life in these days in which success and pleasure count for everything. But when a man has gone through the discipline of tuberculosis he learns to laugh at them if he does not weep at them. For the insight to which all the loss and pain and disappointment have finally brought him is this: that a man can get on without success and without pleasure, and still live and laugh and grow, pass from understanding to understanding, and in the end thank the gods for giving him a chance to be." Who wrote that? A poor fellow struck down by tuberculosis just as he was beginning a career in New York City, exiled to the Adirondacks for the rest of life, and forced to watch one hope after another—for himself and his wife and his children—vanish into thin air. Edward Livingstone Trudeau, radiantly happy in spite of circumstance. How can you win that victory? Stop thinking about the things that are denied you, the unattainable plains beyond the iron chariots. Think instead of the things that are incontestably yours, the mountain tops that you have won and that no one can ever wrest from you. This single change in your habitual attitude will bring surprising hap-

piness and peace to your tired spirit. Wilfrid Gibson is describing a great many homes and a great many disheartened parents when he draws this picture of an English household:

> All life moving to one measure,
> Daily bread, daily bread:
> Bread of life and bread of labor,
> Bread of bitterness and sorrow,
> Hand to mouth and no tomorrow,
> Death for house-mate, death for neighbor . . .
> Yet when all the babes are fed,
> Love, are there not crumbs to treasure?

Granted that some things are denied us. Some things are ours. Put your mind on them. The iron chariots lose their power to discourage us when we remember the hill-tops that are indubitably our own.

We gain still more courage when we recall that God has made, time and again, a splendid use of restricted lives. He can do something fine with us even if circumstances do seem hopelessly hostile. Here is a principle which has brought comfort to hundreds of young people as they dream of making some contribution to the life of their generation. They realize their limitations, but they know that God takes ordinary people and finally makes them—half imprisoned though they are—the builders of a new and better world. Henry M. Stanley, reared in an almshouse and handicapped by poverty and friendlessness, is the one who gives his generation its knowledge of Africa. James Watt, sick and starving on eight shillings a week, crying at last in utter despair, "Of all foolish things, nothing is so

foolish as trying to be an inventor," is the one who gives the world the steam-engine and inaugurates a new era in human progress. Louis Pasteur, crippled at forty-six by a paralytic stroke, and hampered for the rest of his life by that cruel limitation, is the one who gives humanity its knowledge of germ-life and begins the development of modern medicine. Booker Washington, born in slavery and so poor that he had to crawl under a board-walk in Richmond for shelter at night on his long tramp to Hampton Institute, is the one who finally lays the foundation for the education of his race. Here are the men through whom God achieved His purposes for mankind. Every one of them was surrounded by inexorable chariots of iron. Yet see how much God made them mean to the world! You are disheartened this morning? You think that a young man with your handicaps can never amount to anything? Pluck up courage. Live at your best. No one can guess how much God can do for the world through you if you will only make the most of yourself for Him.

This same principle applies to the older people around whose lives the barriers of age and weakness rise so steadily. Think how often God uses such people—hampered on this side and restricted on that—to inspire and re-direct the life of the new generation. At twenty-one Longfellow wrote his mother: "A letter from you, Mother dear, is more helpful to me than all the sermons preached in Lent. The very glimpse of your handwriting is a greater incitement to virtue than a whole book of moral discourses." Her value to God and life ex-

hausted? The iron chariots might hedge closer and closer, but God still had something splendid and satisfying for her to do. You came to church this morning thinking that all your chances were gone? That you meant nothing to a busy world and an unseen God? O believe in yourself! God still has work for you to do. The people here need you—your love, your courage, your silent influence—more than you, or they themselves, dream.

> 'Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels
> Reveal themselves to you. They sit all day
> Beside you, and lie down at night by you
> Who care not for their presence, muse and sleep . . .
> And all at once they leave you, and you know them.

Even more courage comes to us when we recall that the barriers in life prove, more than once, friendly rather than hostile. Usually the iron chariots are dragged into place by the blundering hands of circumstance. Usually they represent a genuine barrier, something tragic for us and for God as well. But how many times we realize, in the light of later experience, that they were walls of guidance rather than walls of limitation. Abraham Lincoln's life offers a clear example. All his earlier ventures ended in failure. "He attempted a military career, and went to the Black Hawk War a captain. But through no fault of his he returned a private. Then he tried store-keeping, but his little country-store 'winked out.' He experimented with surveying, but in the end his surveyor's compass and chain had to be sold to pay his debts. He was defeated in his first attempt to be nominated for Congress, de-

feated in his application to be appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office, defeated in the election for State Senator in the Illinois Legislature of 1854, and defeated again when he hoped to be nominated for Vice-President in 1856." One barrier after another blocking the way. Iron chariots on this side and that. Who put those chariots there? A cruel fate . . . or was it a loving God? No one can explain the barriers built around your life. They are, like the unmerited suffering found everywhere in life, a riddle to the wisest of us. But what does Christianity say to you? "Break down these limitations if you can. Fight your way past the iron chariots if you see a way. But if the barriers are too much for you, accept them. Accept them quietly and without bitterness of spirit. After all, you can find happiness inside that iron wall. After all, God can still make some fine use of your life. After all, the chariots may be put there by the hands of love. To keep you from a false road. To hold you in the path God wants you to follow." You say life is still a strange puzzle? But as yet you have little perspective on it. Wait till you can study all these experiences against the background of eternity. Even the iron chariots may begin to glisten with beauty and purpose. The unity of life may become apparent at last.

> We cannot look beyond
> The spectrum's mystic bar;
> Beyond the violet light,
> Yea, other lights there are,
> And waves that touch us not
> Voyaging far.

Vast, ordered forces whirl
Invisible, unfelt;
Their language less than sound,
Their names unspelt.
Suns cannot brighten them
Nor white heat melt.

Here in the clammy dark
We dig, as dwarfs for coal;
Yet One Mind fashioned it
And us, a luminous Whole:
As lastly Thou shalt see,
Thou, O my Soul!

But this is only part of the story. The iron chariots that block the advance of one generation are tumbled off the road by the resistless attack of the next. You and I may face today limitations that no one of us knows how to master. But it is almost certain that our children, or their children after them, will learn to conquer these barriers and push forward unhampered on their quest for finer and happier life. Consider our conquest of disease. There was a time when plague and epidemic were masters of mankind. No one knew how to break free from them. In helplessness and fear men crouched despairingly before these chariots. Do you remember Cotton Mather's description of the smallpox epidemic that raged in Boston in 1678? "Never was it such a time in this city. The burial-places never filled so fast. To have coffins crossing each other as they were carried into the street, to have I know not how many corpses following each other to the grave close at the heels, to have thirty-eight die in one week, and seven, eight or nine die in one day—yet thus hath it lately been. To at-

tempt a bill of mortality and to number the very spires of grass in a burying-place seem to have a parity of difficulty. Of my father's seven children, four have already been visited. God fit and prepare us for the three strokes that are yet behind." That last sentence is the most touching of all. Four children down with the smallpox, and now nothing to do but wait for the other three to contract it. What an iron chariot, drawn up invincibly across the road of humanity! And yet that iron chariot has been swept away. Advancing medical science found a way to topple it off the path. Today all of us break free from that old hindrance as we struggle forward toward a finer health and vigor.

It is the glimpse of this resistless forward-surge that gives us confidence in the ultimate elimination of war. Do you realize what has been happening in the years that have intervened since 1913? Men everywhere have learned what modern war is. Who wants another? Not one of us. Soldiers and civilians, young men and old, veterans of the last war and those who only read its unspeakable horrors—all of us want peace. There is a new element in human life. Never before in history have common folk hated war so bitterly, longed so ardently for friendship, co-operation and lasting peace. And during these twelve years the organizations that are working for peace have grown immeasurably in power and influence. In 1913 the men and women who were thinking about world-peace and struggling to organize the life of the nations on a new and a more fraternal basis were a small and insignificant group. Today the workers for peace cover

the earth. If another war should threaten it would encounter a wholly new opposition. Not only the feeling of a war-sick world, but the determined effort of thousands of leaders the world over. Only one great chariot remains in our way, stained with the blood and grime of unnumbered battle-fields. Some day that chariot too will be toppled from the road. Before our children will open the valley of the world's desire. The valley of enduring peace.

Liberty, what of the night?
I feel not the red rains fall,
Hear not the tempest at all,
Nor thunder in heaven any more.
All the distance is white
With soundless feet of the sun,
Night with the woes that it wore,
Night is over and done!

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS

A Good Friday Sermon

DEAN WILLARD L. SPERRY,
Harvard University

"And they compel one Simon a Cyrenian, who passed by, coming out of the country, to bear his cross."——Mark xv. 21.

This man Simon was presumably a Jew from North Africa. He had travelled over a thousand miles to keep at the temple and in the holy city the feast of the Passover. We can imagine him, on the morning of the last day of his long journey, climbing the very last stage of his pilgrimage, and singing as he came the pilgrim song of his people, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord, My feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

Suddenly he is confronted with a mob coming out of the city, a band of soldiers, and a criminal going to his death. The criminal stumbles and falls under his burden—the cross on which he was to die. The Roman law made any citizen of the empire liable to press gang service, carrying the baggage of the army, for one measured mile. The soldiers, disdaining to touch the cross, seized upon

this pilgrim, faced him about in his tracks, and marched him out to Calvary bearing the cross of Jesus.

One has no difficulty in imagining Simon's anger and bitter resentment at this humiliation. Such an ending to his long journey. Such a degradation to be endured forever in memory. Such a tale to take shamefaced home to Africa. Yet the gospels refer to him as a familiar person, the father of Alexander and Rufus. The answer is clear. That day made a Christian of Simon of Cyrene. And what seemed at first his shameful indignity became his badge of honor and his pledge of immortality in men's memory.

If I were asked to give a simple untheological account of the Christian religion, I think I should read Joyce Kilmer's "Prayer of a Soldier in France."

My shoulders ache beneath my pack,
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)

I march with feet that burn and smart,
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart.)

Men shout at me who may not speak,
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek.)

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear,

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thine Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb,
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come.)

Lord, thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of thy gift. Amen.

A Christian is a person who in life and death knows that he is not alone, he is companioned in his experience by Jesus.

We come, on Good Friday, to the end of Jesus' life and ministry on earth. What waits for us on Easter Sunday belongs to another life and another world than this.

There are two simple accounts which may now be given of that life and death. Jesus told us things that otherwise we never should have known and Jesus did for us what we could never do for ourselves. The cross is the final pledge of such a mission. It is something strong and stable to which in weakness we can cling. It towers o'er the wrecks of time as something quite outside our own lives, and yet as being the hope of those lives.

And the other theory seems to me both older and newer. In life and death Jesus shared our lot with us to the full. In finding ourselves we always find him, in finding him we find ourselves. Whenever we become what we know we ought to be we are conscious that our path meets the way that Jesus went, and that we are together with him in the way.

Without denying the element of truth in the former account can we not say that this latter account has in its keeping the secret of the influence of Jesus and of the continuance of Christianity among men?

Jesus, long ago, called men to be with him in preaching and teaching and healing. And toward the last he told men that they must also take up their cross and follow him. That was what Christianity meant to Paul, a life that was no longer alone, but was companioned still by Christ. a life that knew among other things the fellowship of the sufferings of Christ.

It is, I think, impossible to escape the strange feeling that on his cross Jesus went far, much farther beyond the common lot, than most men go—that he was never so alone in the world as on Good Friday. But there is danger in that vision of the Cross, the danger that standing for something so unlike our life and death it may cease to have meaning for us.

The death of Jesus must be clouded in mystery for us. All the mysteries of our life wrap round it. The mystery of loneliness, the mystery of pain, the mystery of the world's injustices, the mystery of the lost cause, the mystery of faith and hope and love.

But it is just because no one of us ever clears these mysteries quite away, that the mystery of the cross is a part of our own lives, and we know that here where he was lifted up he gathers all men unto him.

Simon of Cyrene in first stern fact, Joyce Kilmer in the latest and no less stern fact—each of them bowed to the burden of the cross.

Only two or three nights ago a friend was talking about just this aspect of the Christian life. "We speak of the cross," he said, "and yet what

always troubles me is the comfort of our lives, their ease, their security, their remoteness from the cross. I cannot make it seem right." Who is there of us here today who can speak of the cross as being the daily way and law of his life? If ever there was a day when we should look with severer censure upon our ways of life, it is today. Each man's conscience must give answer as to his relation to the cross. Perhaps not only Jesus, but Simon the Cyrenian and Joyce Kilmer alike have passed beyond us altogether.

But men do not have to seek the cross, always. For often it seeks them, as it sought Simon and as it sought that American soldier. The better you know human life the more clearly you feel the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world. There is not one of us who is not turned again and again in his day's march, faced about upon his own affairs and his own purpose, and made to bear the stern military burden of this soldier world. How false the easy and superficial views of facile happiness are to the facts. How each passing year sobers, saddens, and strengthens our common humanity.

If you have ever watched one human soul marching up to its solitary Golgotha, with a courage that does not falter, with faith that does not fail, with love that loves unto the end, you cannot think of the cross as something strange and apart from the whole nature and destiny of the human soul. As a Christian minister I must heed the story of the crucifixion, but as a Christian minister I am grateful beyond words to those who in life and death

have taught me its present meaning and power. I have seen Christian after Christian go up to his Calvary like Christ, with Christ. And I know this, beyond all doubt and disproof, that that way lies man's victory over the world, over death and pain and wrong, and that beyond the place of the Cross man's immortality must lie. In our need and weakness and extremity we are never alone. Christ passed that way before. Every place of pain and suffering and sacrifice that we must go he has strangely made ready for us, and there we find him. "Again and again," said a great soul not long since, "I have been tempted to give up this futile hopeless struggle of religion. But whenever I turn away I see that strange man hanging on his cross, and he turns me back again." Is not that the heart of this sad splendid day? "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Let me leave with you a single strain of the ecclesiastical music of Thomas à Kempis. It falls on our modern ears like the plain-song of a far off time, and yet it has the simple strength of plain-song. It is à Kempis's song about "The King's Way of the Holy Cross":

> To many this seems a hard saying, Deny thyself; take up thy cross, and follow Jesus. But the Cross will be the sign in Heaven; when the Lord shall come to judgment.
>
> Why then fear to take up the Cross, through which lies the road to the Kingdom? In the Cross is salvation, in the Cross is life; in the

Cross is strength of mind, in the Cross joy of spirit, in the Cross the sum of virtue.

Take up, therefore, thy Cross and follow Jesus. He went before bearing his Cross and died for thee on the Cross, that thou also mayest bear thy Cross.

Walk where thou wilt, seek what thou wilt, thou wilt find no higher way above, no safer way below, than the way of the Holy Cross. Dispose and order all things as thou wilt and seest, yet thou shalt only learn that thou must always suffer, willingly or unwillingly, and so thou shalt always find the Cross.

The Cross, therefore, is always ready and everywhere waits for thee. Thou canst not escape it whithersoever thou runnest, for go where thou wilt thou carriest thyself with thee and shalt ever find thyself. Turn thyself upwards, turn thyself downwards, turn thyself outwards, turn thyself inwards; everywhere thou shalt find the Cross.

And how dost thou seek any other way than this King's way which is the way of the Holy Cross?

THE RESURRECTION
AN EASTERTIDE SERMON

Dr. Elwood Worcester,
Boston

"That I may know him and the power of his resurrection."
——Philippians iii. 10.

At this season, it appears to me, a congregation has a right to expect of its preacher not merely the result of his thoughts and studies, but a candid statement of his personal faith. I suppose there are few men in this country to whom these subjects have a greater fascination than they have for me, few who have studied the beliefs we commemorate today more attentively than I have—both the Resurrection of Jesus through the critical study of the New Testament, and our survival of bodily death by every honorable means open to us. As a result, I find my faith in both growing stronger and stronger, until it has become the chief possession of my life; and I know of no fact or discovery which is dangerous to either. I regard the Resurrection of Jesus as a true, objective, historical fact, an appearance of the living after actual death, an occurrence, like other events of the past, dependent in part, on the evidence of eyewitnesses.

To gain this conviction it is not necessary for us to thread our way through the maze of Biblical criticism and the conflicting statements of the Gospels. Few of us are able to do this. This was not required of Christians of old, and it is not required of us. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." That was enough for them and it is enough for us.

If Jesus had desired to take this subject out of the domain of faith and to prove the fact so as to leave no room for doubt, a single appearance in the temple at the Passover, when the whole nation was gathered there, would have settled the question forever. He did not choose this way. He appeared only to certain chosen witnesses, to men who already knew and loved Him and were thinking about Him. From this we see, at once, a certain spiritual and psychical character in these events, and that the Lord adhered to His old rule of offering no sign to unbelief.

When we consider the nature of these appearances, which were sudden, brief, unexpected and made to different persons, we are not surprised that the accounts in the Gospels are also short and fragmentary and that they were written without much reference to one another. The case is entirely different with St. Paul. St. Paul, in the Fifteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, gives us an extended survey of the whole subject. He gives us, it is true, no bright, sensuous pictures, no detailed narratives after the manner of the Evangelists; but he presents to us a complete inventory of all the Re-

surrection appearances of the Lord which he considered genuine, and the correct order of their occurrence. The denial of any resurrection on the part of some of the Corinthian Christians compelled St. Paul to consider carefully the historical evidences of the Resurrection of Jesus. Are you aware how good this evidence is? So good that if all other statements were placed in one scale and this single passage were placed in the other, Paul's witness would preponderate. It is contained in an Epistle whose authenticity has never seriously been questioned. The measured sobriety of Paul's language, the strict limitation of the appearances of the Risen One, his careful mention of names, his confident appeal to many living witnesses, the psychological probability of his sequence, his rigid exclusion of all legendary, highly colored incidents, all produce an impression most favorable to his truthfulness and to his painstaking care. Paul introduces this evidence by the significant statement: "I delivered unto you, first of all, that which I myself also received." The usual date assigned to this Epistle is about the year 55, but the words "I delivered unto you first of all" carry us back about four years further to Paul's first visit to Corinth, while the words "that which I myself also received" can hardly have any other meaning than that these statements in regard to the Lord's Resurrection appearances formed part of the traditions of the old Apostles and earliest Christians communicated to him during his two weeks' visit to Peter, described in Galatians as taking place three years after Paul's conversion, somewhere about the year 35.

So that instead of an anonymous oral tradition flying around the world for a generation, we have here a written and carefully considered statement from the hand of Paul, whose substance dates not more than five years from the event.

But even this is not the only or, perhaps, the chief source of our faith, any more than three or four accounts of Niagara Falls are the cause of Niagara Falls, or even why people who have never seen the falls believe in them. The New Testament itself, the marvelous change which these events produced in the Apostles, the conversion of St. Paul, the establishment of the Christian Church and its continued life, all sprang from this event, and without it they would not have taken place. When you stand on the field of Waterloo and look at the mound which marks the position of the English squares in 1815, or when you stand in Rome before the triumphal arch of Titus, with its procession of bearded Jews, bearing candlesticks, to commemorate the fall of Jerusalem in the year 70, it does not require fanatical faith of you to believe in the historical events they commemorate, apart from the critical study of books. In the new life Jesus gave to the world during these few days, we see a greater and a more important fact than the fall of Jerusalem or the battle of Waterloo.

In all this I have made no claim for the reanimation of a physical body. Some of the Bishops of the communion to which I belong, but by no means all of them, assert that faith in Jesus demands and requires physical resurrection. In this they are not well guided, and this demand will

not strengthen faith; it only strengthens incredulity, especially as it is contradicted not only by St. Paul who speaks only of a spiritual body, but by the very Gospels to which we are obliged to appeal. For a body which appears and disappears at will, is not immediately recognized and which passes through closed doors, is no body of flesh and bones. No sooner do the materially-minded find themselves with a material body on their hands than they are obliged to dematerialize it again, and to pass, with uncertain steps, from eating and drinking to vanishings and reappearances and to passage through material substances. The present ending of St. Mark's Gospel even describes one of these appearances as "in another form." Moreover, a physical resurrection would be no support to our faith at all, for we know well no such fate is in store for us.

What actually happened to the body of the Lord, or what caused its disappearance, I know not, no one knows. The question was discussed at the time St. Matthew's Gospel was written. The Fathers frequently speculated on its disappearance. Tertullian hazarded the suggestion that it had been removed by Joseph's gardener. Bishop Westcott thought that the power of God caused it to disappear. When men thought that our own resurrection would be material and physical and that heaven is the physical abode of God, resting on the upper side of the firmament, it was natural for them to conceive of the Resurrection of Jesus in the same terms; but in the presence of this infinite universe, as it has been revealed to us during the past ten years, such

ideas simply vanish and disappear, and we may truly say: "Mortality is swallowed up in life."

Death is not a passage from one part of the universe to another. It is a passage from one state of being to another. We shall not want these old bodies in our new life, and we could not carry them with us if we did, for they belong to this world. They were made altogether of earth's substance, they are made with reference to the surface of the earth, this atmosphere, this temperature, and when we die they are resolved to dust. It is the destruction of the old life which makes the new life possible.

No one has believed in the Resurrection of Jesus with more passionate ardor than St. Paul. It was the cause of his conversion, the substance of all his preaching, and yet from first to last he speaks only of a spiritual body. He establishes the strongest antitheses in language between the body that dies and the body that lives hereafter. "It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a physical body, it is raised a spiritual body." In rehearsing the various appearances of the Lord, he monotonously repeats the same word *ophthé,* He was seen, He appeared, but nothing more.

From this point of view the whole matter of the Resurrection is so much more probable and in accordance with our knowledge of what is possible, the sudden appearance and disappearance, the passing through closed doors, the traumatic stigmata and the fact that these appearances ceased a few days after death are so comprehensible and natural

that it becomes mere perversity to doubt them. Without the experience of the phenomena such stories would not have been invented, especially as the Apostles were looking for no such humble occurrences, but, if they had any expectations for the future, for the return of the Lord in glory. Never was Jesus' Resurrection believed in so firmly and on such good grounds as it is today, and by another century no educated man will doubt it.

But, you ask, if Jesus did not rise in a physical body, in what kind of a body did He rise? That is exactly the question which the Corinthians asked St. Paul, and I will answer you as he answered them. No one who truly looks forward to a life after death conceives of it as involving the loss or the diminution of his personality. We do not think of the mingling of all souls together, or of the disappearance of our personal life in the life of God. That is pantheism, but it is neither Christianity nor immortality. Neither are we able to think of the soul as existing without a body, without some form and organism and expression which distinguishes it from every one else, a body by which it acts on its world and receives impressions from its world. Once before, in the first life, God, through your soul, mysteriously built for you a body, wholly and perfectly adapted to a life which was to come. So again, here and now, you are secretly and invisibly building for yourself the body you shall wear hereafter, and that body, though not yet complete, is already in existence. In this church, this morning, there is almost, I might say, another congregation —one consisting of the persons we know, who will

die one after another. The other, of the persons we scarcely yet know at all, who will emerge as the former disappear and who will live after the other bodies have undergone death.

Apart from this body of dust, hidden by this house of clay, there is even now the spiritual body! Oh! so much fairer! Oh! so much more glorious! A body which represents you perfectly in your thoughts, your affections and memories, and which some time will disengage itself from the old body by the loosening of a thousand silken cords and stand forth, strong and radiant and beautiful to enter its new life. Now you go up and down slowly and heavily on feet of flesh. Then you will pass from one end of the world to the other on the light wings of the Spirit. A new body will not be made for you out of nothing. It will not be sent down from Heaven for you. The body you have made yourself and which perfectly represents you is revealed as the old body falls from you. That is all. "Not that we should be unclothed, but clothed upon."

That, in different language, is what Paul answered to those who questioned him. He described the new body growing out of the old as the plant grows out of the seed. He compared it to the glory of the sun and the moon and the stars. In such a glorious, immortal and spiritual body Jesus rose.

This is the cogent and sufficient answer to those who ask: Shall I see my beloved ones again? Shall I know them again? Will the old sweet life ever be resumed? Shall we continue to help and bless each other as in the days of old? This longing to

meet again, to know again those from whom we have been separated will be satisfied more fully than you dare to hope. Oh! that God would permit me to say some word of consolation, of solemn assurance and truth that the soul, with its love, never dies. Or, a thousand times better, that He would reveal it to our hearts and take from us forever our groundless, senseless fear of death, by which we wrong God and the dead, and show ourselves unworthy of our religion. In the old days of Christianity when faith was strong, Christians did not keep their birthdays, nor ask their friends to celebrate them, because they said that a Christian's true birthday is his entrance into life.

The walls which separate the world of matter from the world of spirit are growing thin—not merely to faith, but to science. You walk across the country some night. Not a voice speaks. All is silence and darkness and you feel that you are quite alone. You return to your house and place to your ear an instrument fashioned to catch vibrations from the air, and instantly the silence becomes vocal, filled with music you could not hear before, charged with intelligence, and you perceive that you are not alone, but, in some marvelous way, in rapport with other living men and women. So it is when you sustain a great loss and the happy house of your life contracts to four bare walls, and the heavens above you are dark and silent and the future is utterly uncertain, and you walk alone in the night. Yet there are voices able to break that silence and to assure you of their continued existence and their love. To-day the greatest of all voices,

the voice of our Lord Jesus Christ, speaks to us across the gulf of death, and tells us all that we need to know—"Because I live, ye shall live also."

In the course of my long ministry I have sat by many a death-bed. Several times I have seen the faces of dying men and women brighten with an unearthly light as they appeared to see and to recognize some unseen presence. I have heard them greet and address, with loving, rapturous words, departed friends, totally invisible to me. In every instance within my experience this has proved an immediate precursor of death. In commenting on this occurrence with a learned and widely-experienced physician, I received from him several highly interesting examples of similar events which had taken place under his observation, one of which occurred just before the death of my famous and saintly relative, Dr. Joseph Worcester of San Francisco. This physician added: "Among the old doctors who were accustomed to remain with their patients to the end, these facts were well known, and it was commonly held that the appearance of the dead to the very ill was to be regarded as a definite indication of approaching death." This means that when our end approaches those whom we have known and loved are aware of it and they are close beside us to receive us, and that when our eyes close on this world the first objects we shall behold are the faces of those we have most loved, who stand beside us to welcome us and to go with us into our new life.

> And with the morn, those angel faces smile,
> Which I have loved long since and lost a while.

THE VISION OF THE PURE

Bishop Francis J. McConnell,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—Matthew v. 8.

This is one of the passages on which it seems almost presumptuous to speak. The utterance is itself final. It would do violence to seek to take from or add to this word of Jesus. The experience—even the life—of Jesus is compressed within these few syllables.

It often happens, however, that passages like this become more forceful, not if they are formally expounded, but if they are approached now from one angle, and now from another. We have in this beatitude a perfect manifestation of the clear light of our Master's insight. Is it not sometimes true, however, that because of the sheer perfection of light we miss this marvel? Does not the man with the spectroscope who unweaves the light into its separate colors help us to a new appreciation of the miracle of light?

If we look closely at the teaching of Jesus, and at the teaching of some who stood close to him, we can discern at least a few of the diverse rays

which went into the making of the beams of clear light. Let us look at some of these.

The first suggestion that occurs to all of us is the contrast in *inwardness* between the purity of which Jesus spoke and the ceremonial purity of the Pharisees. Blessed are the pure *in heart.* Jesus was always trying to force the problem of purity down into the inner depths. The Sermon on the Mount is in large part just a commentary on, and an illustration of, the truth that purity must be inner, that deeds like murder and adultery are not merely outward acts but expressions of an inner disposition.

All this is to-day commonplace enough on its direct statement, but think of the force given to this oft-spoken commonplace by the present-day students of the inner life—whatever we call that inner life, soul, or self, or consciousness. Jesus was not speaking in terms of modern psychology, but his utterance has been wonderfully reinforced by that psychology. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. Purity is an outcome of the subconscious or half-conscious. The thoughts which we shelter down in the deeper realm, allowing them to linger along in the region of the half-thought, or half-felt, or half-imagined, determine our purity or impurity. It is as if some deep lake, set among the hills, could not catch in its bosom as in a mirror the far glories of the upper-sky because it allowed soiled currents to arise out of a muddy ooze.

We hear a good deal now and again to the effect that Christian purity is in its nature negative. We become weary of being told to cleanse our hearts

of evil, to cast out selfishness, to reject the low and earth-born. We turn with relief to that doctrine of self-realization which tells us to "express ourselves" without much regard to what is expressed. We are to allow whatever is *in* us to come *out*. The trouble here is that we do not get rid of evil by expressing it. The more we express it the more it becomes part of ourselves. The advice to get rid of evil just by expressing ourselves is at times almost as sound as the advice to get rid of profanity by swearing. We cannot get rid of anything by saying it "to free our minds." The things we say are more a part of us after we have said them than before. The obligation is put upon us to see that nothing is cherished in that deep inner realm that will hinder the vision of the highest. To object to such care of our inner selves as negative, ascetic, puritanical—is as reasonable as to object to care of a mirror or a lens as merely negative. Removing soil or stain from the face of the glass may indeed be negative in itself, but it makes possible the catching of the beauty of a star or a face. Jesus saw men washing platters and hands and faces, to win the favor of God. In his thought the real mirror which must be kept clean is an inner one, if that mirror is to seize the vision which is above all visions worth seeing.

Still, there is point in the objection that purity is not to be conceived of too much in negative terms. Jesus did not mean by purity merely the cleansing of the life as one would polish a mirror. In a great passage he declared that the eye is to be single if the whole body is to be full of light. If the eye is

double the whole body will be full of darkness. Then he added that men cannot serve God and Mammon. Purity, then, is a true adjustment of focus. A man cannot adjust his eyesight to two different objects at exactly the same instant. He can look at one and then look at the other, but the attempt to focus on two at once leads to a twisted distortion.

As we study the history of human progress we are struck by the part played by the discovery and invention of instruments of precision. Knives with sharper edges, scales with finer graduations, lenses with more exact curves, mathematical formulas with keener distinctions have been the means with which men have come to larger vision of nature's laws and meanings. So in the realm of spirit. Better focusing of moral purpose has led to clearer vision. The pure life has not meant just a general intention to do as well as may be under the circumstances, to have, in general, the "right spirit." It has meant rather the finer, closer apprehension of a moral God, a God with a spirit of Christlikeness. The passage before us does not say: Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see a set of general statements or a theology. They shall see God, whose spiritual glory shines before us in the face of Jesus.

It has often been observed with justness that Christianity, conceived in the spirit of its Founder, does not seek to destroy any of men's powers. It strives rather to focus those powers on the right objects. It comes to the man who has twisted and distorted his gaze with the wrong focus, and tells

him to focus that gaze on God. If he will make God the center of his thought all else will fall into right place. Nothing will be destroyed. The soul will be delivered from strain just as the eye is delivered from strain when the focus is made true. The liberty of the Christian is like the relief of the eye when after fruitless straining it begins to see objects with sharp outlines and to behold colors with distinctive shades. The field of view ceases to be hazy. Things are not all "run together" in the field of vision. There is a top and bottom to the picture—a right and a left.

Jesus speaks repeatedly of Mammon as having this distorting effect on the spiritual vision. He does not rail against wealth as such, but he does point to the impossibility of having both God and Mammon at the center of the field of view. It is possible to make God supreme; it is possible to make Mammon supreme—though few would be willing avowedly to do so—but it is not possible to make God and Mammon together supreme. To attempt to do so leads not to outright spiritual blindness, indeed, but to a distortion of vision which is almost blindness. Twisted standards of value—distorted notions of righteousness, dullness of the edge of moral discrimination—all these come upon the mind which tries to make God and Mammon together the object of concentrated gaze. It is like trying to look one way with one eye and another way with the other eye at the same time. Beware of the deceitfulness of riches, said Jesus. The deceitfulness is in the vision of a topsy-turvy world, small objects made to look big and big objects little, all with

spiritual eye-strain which means, in the end, vexation and torture of spirit.

The material things have their place, but that place is not in the straight line of direct gaze. That belongs to God. If the gaze, however, centers on Him the material things take their place as giving added force to those moral values which they serve as instruments. Material things are instruments. They are not to take the place of spiritual values.

Single purpose, correct focus, true moral perspective, these are of that purity of heart which makes possible the vision of God. Yet all this is capable of being stated in yet another phrasing.

A writer filled with the spirit of Jesus tells us in one of the epistles that to the pure all things are pure but to the defiled and unbelieving nothing is pure. While we must never speak as if the scriptural writers were writing as modern psychologists, we repeat that here again the words are in line with our present-day conception of an active mind which reads off intelligence in the outer world because the mind already possesses intelligence itself. The scientist tells us that if we are to think strictly of the outer world of nature we must think of it as a set of vibrating forces. The waves of those forces beat upon my eyes and I respond with a vision of form and color. In a sense I see the color and the form because they are in my mind, not however in my mind alone. A child speaks to a father. Nothing physically reaches the father except the forces set going by the child, but the father feels more than forces beating upon him. Back of the

forces are the interest and love of the child. We believe that we receive messages from outside ourselves, we believe that an outer intelligence answers to the intelligence within ourselves. Where an imperfectly developed mind might not see meaning, another mind hears voices from distant spaces or across the ages. He who would get wealth from the Indies must take the wealth of the Indies to the Indies.

The world has again and again been amazed at the skill with which archæologists have read the secrets of past civilizations from fragments of buildings, bits of baked clay, shreds of papyri. Arabian nomads, Egyptian day-laborers, Mesopotamian peasants have for thousands of years been seeing and handling all of these things and have had no other thought of them than as rubbish. It required minds already filled with the vision of the past splendor of Egypt and Babylon to read off the story of the far-away civilization. Ancient cities have sent their messages across the ages, but only the intelligence already on the alert for just such signs has understood. He who from a heap of stones or bricks rebuilds a city of Rameses or of Hammurabi must already have those cities in his mind.

I trust such illustrations will not seem altogether unworthy as a hint of the process by which the pure mind comes to a belief in a pure God. The illustration of the ancient city is admittedly inadequate except suggestively, for there we are dealing with material fact. Still, just as mind believes that intelligible messages are messages from intelligence, just

as the mind cannot rest in the belief that the beauty of flower and mountain and sunset is just an illusion of the mind's own creation, so the pure heart believes that its convictions about moral purity have their source in the moral God.

Further, we are discerning to-day with increasing clearness the significance of sound bodily health for sharpness of sight. We do not seek to improve eyesight merely by dealing with the eye itself. The students of our bodily processes are teaching us that sickly and morbid and infected tissues in any part of the human organism may impair the keenness of the eye's vision or even destroy that vision altogether. So that the first and indispensable requisite to good vision is sound health.

So likewise soundness of spiritual health tends to keenness of spiritual vision. We do not attain to the knowledge of God just by cultivation of specific religious faculties, any more than we attain to keenness of eyesight by seeking to develop the eye alone. Here is where some of the mystics have failed. They have sought to develop a special faculty for seeing God, without enough regard for the general life-processes out of which true vision comes. I would not in the least disparage the importance to religion of much of such definite search, but I cannot read the struggles of some mystic seekers for the vision of God without feeling that the preparation has not been thorough-going. What! Are not all these specific spiritual exercises a mark of thorough-going spirit? Not as long as they do not take account of the significance of the common, work-a-day moral processes of life as bearing on the power

to see God. Anything that makes for health and soundness of mental and moral life is a necessary toning-up of those fundamental processes out of which keenness of sight comes.

Is it not true, however, that the deepest understandings of God have been given us by those who have felt that the world is sick—out-of-joint—that life is illusion? Deep insights into the nature of God have indeed thus come, but, after all, the ideal vision is that of abounding vitality showing itself in the sharpest, finest sense of awareness of God. Sweet, indeed, are the uses of adversity as leading to the vision of God. Seldom is it indeed that prosperity leads of itself to spiritual knowledge, but surely there must be some insights to be born of prosperity as truly as insights are born of adversity.

I once knew a man who was at once the healthiest human being and the sharpest-sighted that I have ever known. All his bodily functions seemed to work perfectly. He never knew pain or discomfort through the inadequacy of the working of his organs. So far as he knew, or any one could know, he obeyed the laws of nature and departed not from their path. With this there went the quickest, keenest sight I have ever known. It was as if every drop of fluid that fed the organs of sight were distilled good health, with every capillary, every muscle, every nerve working to help the eye see quickly, clearly, sharply. At incredible distances, in dim lights, this man's eye had an almost uncanny power to become aware of objects where the ordinary human gaze could see nothing. When men speak to me of the vision of some as sharpened by suffer-

ing I think also of the vision of those sharpened by good health.

After all, some one may say, it is misleading to speak so definitely of the human eye as illustrative of the inner eye which sees God. We may lend support to the false notion that the vision of God is an experience like actual eyesight. What we mean by seeing God is attaining to a conviction of his reality, an awareness of spiritual values, a certainty that the Power back of the universe is Christlike in holiness and love. These are wholly spiritual visions. We must have care, then, in using the eye even figuratively to describe the inner sight.

The word of caution has a measure of force, but Jesus himself uses the eye in this figurative way. Moreover, as plain matter-of-fact the purging of the soul-depths of selfishness, the focusing of the thought on the Christlike God, the cultivation of an inner purity which like an inner intelligence sees purity outside itself, the development of the moral health by daily practice in work-a-day righteousness lead to that certainty and awareness of the divine which we have in mind when we speak of the vision of God.

THE PATH TO GOD

Professor Harris Franklin Rall,
Evanston, Illinois

The reality of God is the supreme conviction of religion. It is man's deep persuasion that above him, about him, within him is another world than the world which he sees, and that in this world he may find the real meaning of his life, the good which alone can satisfy him, the strength by which he is to live. He feels, as William James once put it, that life "is continuous with a wider self through which saving experiences come." And that is why the supreme concern of religion is the search for God. It is Job's cry: "Oh, that I knew where I might find him." It is the psalmist's prayer:

"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
When shall I come and appear before God?"

It is not knowledge that men want here; they are not seeking doctrine or definition. It is life that men seek. How can I know this unseen world, they cry, this world that is real and enduring; how can my life touch this life and gain strength and joy and peace? That is man's search for the path to God.

Let no one think this question belongs to an

earlier age which we have left far behind. When we have finished boasting of our day as the age of wealth and material progress, and when we have made our religion perfectly rational and purely practical, then the soul of man cries out again in Augustine's ancient word: "Thou hast made us for thyself, and our souls are restless till they rest in thee." That is the meaning of all those cults that come and go in our day, with their promise of help from hidden sources whether within us or without. That is the reason for the hopeful fact that our magazines are printing so many articles on religion. That is why one of these articles in recent months dealing with the ways of prayer called forth thousands of appreciative letters.

All this makes vital for us the question as to the path to God. If there be about us an unseen world of beauty, and truth, and love, and righteousness, if our true life be hidden in that world, how may we know that world and enter into it? How may we have fellowship with it and thus have life? The question, in a way, is much like that which faces us in the world of nature. The life of the savage is poor and mean in the midst of a world of boundless resources. He does not know what power is hidden in the world about him, in water, and wind, and soil, and in the treasures under the earth; nor would he know how to use these forces if they were pointed out. But the scientist comes and tells us what these forces are, and the inventor and engineer show us how to relate ourselves to these forces so as to use them. There is no magic here, no chance; all is order, all is sure.

So it is in the world of spirit; we may be poor in the midst of plenty, but there is a true and certain path. That path depends upon knowing what this world is and rightly relating ourselves to it, only it is the personal and spiritual this time with which we have to do. What this world is we have sought to understand in the meditations of the first days of this week. We have sought the answer in the Christian conviction that we may call this hidden world of the spirit God, and that the light of the knowledge of the glory of God is known to us in the face of Jesus Christ. It is not some vague atmosphere that surrounds us, nor some impersonal force, nor is it merely the strength that is in our own spirit or the life of our human kind. It is the far God, infinitely above us in majesty and power, in love and righteousness. It is the near God, about us and within us, near us in pity and love, by our side as fellow worker, within us as the indwelling Spirit of mercy and justice and truth.

There is a path to this God, a fourfold path. Prophet and psalmist and apostle point it out to us as we turn the pages of the Bible; Jesus above all, whose life of serene peace and quiet strength and clear vision show how the world of the spirit lived in him, and countless other men who have walked this way.

1. Their first word is this: God is goodness and the path to God is trust. It is fear and distrust that bar the door against love and help. It is anxiety that eats up the strength and peace within. God is our friend and trust is the first step to friendship. It is not credulity that is wanted here, nor blindness. We

are not asked to shut our eyes in the face of evil and declare that all is good. But faith has the daring courage that believes that goodness is on the throne, that truth and love and righteousness are the deep tides of the universe, whatever cross currents and eddies there may be. And faith adventures its life on that side. That is the challenge which faith meets; and its experience shows that it has found the path to God. It was experience that spoke in the prophet's word: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." There is a confidence begotten of long years of fellowship when Jesus calls men to quit their anxieties and fear and to trust in the goodness of the Father in heaven. There is an authentic note when Whittier prays,

> Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
> Forgive our feverish ways!

Religion is the great affirmation, not of mind alone but of heart and will; and life shows that in that attitude man links himself with God and so with the forces that make for strength and life and peace.

2. The second path to God is that of moral fellowship. And that too follows from the nature of God himself. If God were simply a force, then we should ask how we might use it. If he were a theory or a principle, then we should need merely to demonstrate him or understand him. If he were some exacting Sovereign then we should ask about the ritual of court approach and the sacrifices that he demanded. But long ago the prophets gained vision of a truth that changed religion from center

to circumference: God is first of all a moral character. He is righteousness, justice, goodness, truth. These are not pale ideas, not mere words; they stand for a purpose and a passion. God is that Being of infinite good will who hates oppression and loves mercy and seeks the highest welfare of his creatures. He is no cold and distant judge, no mere giver of commands or unmoved spectator of our struggles. In all our affliction he is afflicted, and the angel of his presence saves us. His goodness is positive, militant, sacrificial, the goodness that we see in Jesus Christ.

To such a God as that the path is moral loyalty. How can it be aught else? For we are seeking the path to God, not simply the way to his gifts. The way to share God is to share his life, and this is his life. The path to God is fellowship in that which is central in the life of God. To do justly and to love kindness, that is to walk humbly with God. Every summons of duty, every call to higher living, every appeal of service, is his voice; and every response of obedience leads us more deeply into his life. Here is the one sure way: "He that willeth to do, shall know." In nineteen centuries of history the followers of Jesus have differed on almost every conceivable question—yes, on all questions but one, and that is the meaning of the spirit of Jesus. We have not always been loyal to it, but we know where it leads. What we do not know or have not faced is this, that loyalty to this spirit is the straight path to God whatever doubts of mind a man may have, and that without this loyalty our creeds and our philosophies are vain.

3. Worship is the third way in this fourfold path to God. We need not take back one word that has been said as to the way of obedience, as to that life of active service in which we come to know God and share his very being. But there are the elements of rest in the life of religion as well as the elements of action, and there is a service of mind and soul as well as of the will. How shall men learn to trust God if they do not really know him? And how shall their life be enlarged by the greatness of God if that greatness has not dawned upon them? Worship does not call for the sycophant, it does not mean self-abasement. It is the worship of a free man looking up to that God who says, "Son of man, stand upon thy feet." And there is nothing worthier of this free man than true worship. For this is the mark that separates man from beast, that man can look upward. He alone lives in two worlds, this world and that which is above. He alone is conscious of two lives, the life that is and that which ought to be. Man's worship has these two sides, the upward look, the supreme act of mind by which man reaches out to the infinite that he may see and wonder and adore; and the bowed soul, hushed in reverence and awe, knowing its weakness and sin and need, yet rejoicing that its life belongs to such a God. Whatever the value of other paths, none can take the place of worship.

If there is one word which the men of old have for our day, surely it is here. They tell us the story of their own lives. Here is a young man, Isaiah by name, patriot, prophet, leader. Did he believe in God? Well, yes, as the rest of us do;

but first of all he believed in king and country. And then the great king died, upon whom he set his hopes. The young man turned to worship and so gained at last the vision that changed his life. "I saw the Lord, high and lifted up." It was not the vision of an hour; it was a Presence before which he walked all his days, a Presence that widened his horizons, that shaped his purpose, that gave him courage and peace. Here is the abiding service of the psalms. They take us by the hand and lead us out of the world of the petty and sordid and selfish into the presence of God. Again we sing, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." Our minds grow as they dwell upon the meaning of God. Our selfishness is shamed by his goodness. Our weakness partakes of his strength. Our fears are lost in his peace.

4. The final path to God is the way of love. Tolstoy saw this when he wrote, *Where Love is, God is.* Centuries before Tolstoy one of Christianity's greatest interpreters declared: "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love. And he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him." It is not some vague emotion that is intended here, some mystic ardor that inflames the soul. Tolstoy meant man's love for men. The Apostle John makes plain again and again that he is concerned with man's love for his brother. "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." In searching and unforgettable words Jesus has given us the test by which to know whether we are really children of the Father. God, he declares, is infinite good will, the Spirit of pure and perfect

love. Indifference, ingratitude, even evil in man is no bar to that love which goes out to all. If we share that spirit then we are his children, then we have found the path to God.

But love is not merely the sign that we have found God and that God is in us; it is itself the way to God. And of the paths that lead to God there is none simpler or more available than this. There are men for whom it is not easy to reach God in thought, or, having conceived of this Infinite Being, to give their lives in trust to him. But human life and human need are on every side, and this least thing we all can do, like Browning's Bactrian, who "could not write nor speak, but only loved." But when we have answered the call of love we shall find that we have answered the call of God. There are men to whom God has seemed distant and hard to grasp, while a brother's need was very real and near. So they have given themselves to service and love, to the life of unselfish good will. Shall we not say that they too have found God? For is not all love of God, like all truth and righteousness? Is it not God who speaks in the face of a child, through the need of a brother man, in the call of some great cause of justice, or in the simple fellowships and loyalties of daily life? And if men do not realize it here, will they not some time hear him say: "I was in the heart of that child, in the need of that brother, in the fellowship to which you were loyal; inasmuch as you did it unto the least of these, you did it unto me"? Lowell caught that truth in his poem, *The Search:*

His throne is with the outcast and the weak.

A recent writer has put it in some lines inscribed to Jane Addams in which, in parable form, he suggests the secret of the inner strength and peace which mark that notable spirit. He makes her tell of her search for that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. Disappointed, she hears at last the voice:

"O fool, you have traveled far to find
What you've crossed over time and again;
For the River of God is in Halsted Street
And is running black with men.

And low in the rushes the river sings,
And sweet is its spirit lure,
For it waters the joys of loving and living
That grow in the hearts of the poor."

So I took me a place in the City slums
Where the River runs night and day,
And there I sit 'neath the Tree of Life
And teach the children to play.

And ever I soil my hands in the River,
But ever it cleans my soul;
As I draw from the deep with the Silver Cord,
And fill the Golden Bowl.

Such is the fourfold path to God: Trust, worship, loyalty and love. Only let this be clear to us, it is not a road that we travel once and then leave behind. The figure of the path may mislead us here; for God is not a place to which we journey, he is a Person with whom we maintain fellowship. The life of the Spirit can be shared only in an attitude that is renewed every day. Each day we must take this path to God, just as each day we open our eyes to the light or breathe anew the life-giving air. Each

day the soul must bow in worship and look up in aspiration; each day our strength must come through the same spirit of trust; the attitude of simple loyalty, of quick obedience, must mark each day; each day we must walk the way of mercy and good will if we are to share the life of that God who is love. Only then shall our peace be as a river, and our righteousness as the waves of the sea.

THE INTERPRETING CHRIST

Dr. Frederic W. Perkins, Lynn, Massachusetts

"Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus." ——Phillipians ii. 5.

I

A fundamental need of effective Christianity is to allow Christ to be the interpreter of his own religion. That would seem to be obvious, and yet curiously enough men have customarily set forth as faith in Christ belief in almost everything else but Christ. The spiritual bankruptcy of much that passes for the religion of Christ to-day is tragic witness to the harm which this historic reversal of values has produced.

What is faith in Christ? It is sharing the faith *of* Christ. That is the heart of it. It may gather to itself much more. It cannot be a spiritual dynamic, "the power of God unto salvation," if anything less. The only faith in another person that proves its vitality by getting results is faith in what that person believes in, the ideals that inspire him, the unseen realities that evoke his loyalty and toil and sacrifice. In the nature of things it must be so.

We Americans are given to proclaiming our faith in Washington. What does it mean? Nothing real

unless it means sharing, or bravely attempting to share, the faith of Washington—his faith in a seemingly hopeless cause, his courage to dare when it was righteousness that justified the daring. The soul of Washington was the soul of a mighty adventurer, one of that fellowship of brave spirits in all ages who endure as seeing the invisible, accepting life, when crises come, as a hazard of new fortunes, an opportunity to take apparently reckless chances for ends yet unwon. Cautious, prudent, weigher of expediencies though he was, that was the flaming soul of him. Otherwise he never would have led what one of his biographers has termed "almost the most hair-brained enterprise in history," with no organized government to support him and only faith in a cause and an uncertain people to sustain him. To share that spirit is to have faith in Washington. Lacking it, our professed faith is but the measure of our distrust. And it is too often distrust rather than faith that Americans reveal when they would moor the ship of state to the text of the "Farewell Address" rather than spread their canvas to the winds that blow in our day as he dared to sail by the winds that blew in his.

So must it be in any profession of faith in Christ. Except it mean sharing the faith of Christ it means nothing. It may, indeed, range from trembling hope, shadowed by fitful misgivings when we fortify ourselves by doubting our doubts rather than his faith, to robust, buoyant certitude. But it is sharing his faith in the good God and the fellowship that opens the way to the inflowing of the Divine. It is sharing his faith in man's capacity to respond to

truth and righteousness. It is sharing his trust in the royal law of service as the standard of greatness and the secret of social stability. It is joining in his confidence that justice and good-will and brotherhood have the potency of the unconquerable Will in them, and that the kingdom of God is a winning cause, not a forlorn hope. Something like that, far beyond the reach of most of us though it is in its richness and power, was the faith of Christ, and the degree of our faith in those eternal realities measures our faith in him, its radiant examplar and the chief source of its transforming power.

Now when we conceive of the Christian religion as first of all an endeavor to share the faith of Christ, we are following the order of historical development. The early Christians were called simply disciples of "the Way." To be a Christian was to follow Christ's way of life. To be sure, the gospel writings and the heroic missionary endeavors recorded in the Book of Acts were colored by a sense of the impending end of the world. The first Christian preachers considered themselves as hardly more than evangelists of the kingdom that Christ was to establish at his early second coming. How far Jesus shared their expectation or how far it reflects the prepossessions of his ambassadors, we need not now discuss. The fact remains that what is set forth with imperishable clearness is a way of life that remains valid after the apocalyptic dream was outlawed by time. Even the fourth gospel, which is the evangel set in a philosopher's mold, cannot obscure it. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples" abides when the Logos doctrine has passed

away. The "Way" was not an inference from the formal doctrine; the formal doctrine was an attempt to interpret the meaning of the "Way." From Jordan to Calvary the road runs as a shining track which the wayfarer cannot miss.

This is no plea for the "simple gospel" of those who think to discover it by merely stripping off its historical elaborations. The attempt cannot succeed, and if it could it would mean mental and spiritual impoverishment. The simplicity of Christ is in no such negative residuum as that. What is alive grows, and to grow is to grow complex. To attempt to find the simple gospel merely by abstracting it from the thought forms and ceremonial symbolisms and institutional embodiments it takes on in a world of living men is as mistaken as the attempt to find the simple life by withdrawing from the world into the solitude of the desert. The way of Jesus does not run through an intellectual vacuum. The men who travel it will think about the meaning of it—whence it comes and whither it goes, and what sort of being the pathbreaker is who opens the road through the valleys and over the hills of human experience. And when they think, they will think in terms of the world in which they live. So, for example, did St. Paul, Christian philosopher as well as missionary. As Francis G. Peabody has said in his illuminating study of "The Apostle Paul in the Modern World": "A man of great intellectual gifts, passionate emotions, and untiring vitality finds himself committed to a cause which is in danger of becoming provincial, racial and restricted, and asks himself how the kindling and reconciling

message which burns within him can be delivered to a larger world. It must speak the language of the world; it must interpret current thought in terms of the new obedience; it must universalize Christianity by drawing to its service all the visions of God and schemes of redemption which were familiar in the West or imported from the East. In short, there confronted this new convert precisely the same problem which meets any thoughtful Christian in the modern world."

It is an unescapable problem. As long as men think they will express the philosophical implications of the gospel in creedal formularies. As long as they wonder and adore they will clothe the gospel message in imaginative symbolism, "the outward and visible sign of an inward, invisible grace." And as long as the faith of Christ is a living reality will they associate themselves together in ecclesiastical fellowships. The forms may be perversions and will need amendment and revision, but the instinct to formulate is not itself a perversion.

Here, then, is the situation. On the one hand is the religion of Jesus, his way of life, set forth in the Sermon on the Mount, the great parables, and the gospel of the kingdom. On the other hand are its theological implications and corollaries, its spontaneous symbols, its incurable tendency to embody itself in institutions—all constituting the shifting, often illuminating, often obscuring, religion about Jesus that inevitably arises as the original faith relates itself to a living world. The process is dangerous, but there is no escaping it. How can the danger be lessened? How can we keep to the road

in the midst of the alluring by-paths? By reminding ourselves that the way of Jesus *is* the road and that the theories about him and his way are but paths of approach. We must insist that the various theories and institutions have no value as factors in the Christian way of life except as they fortify our purpose to live it. More than that, the purpose to live it must come first. Given that purpose, the reinforcing doctrine, the suggestive ceremony, the serviceable fellowship of the like-minded will be added; but they will not of themselves create it.

The science of navigation was discovered by stout-hearted voyagers who launched their ships and steered by the stars; the seaman preceded the navigator. In such fashion is it with the religion of Christ. "The gospel," says Dr. Jacks, "is neither a sermon nor a treatise on religion, but a story, which tells how Christianity began in something that happened, in a deed that was done, a life that was lived. . . . Something to talk about was furnished before the talking began." The impact of Christianity is the impact of a life. Its power is in the contagion of a personality more than in the logic of a doctrine or the spell of a mystery. Let no one imagine that such simplifying of the Christian religion in thought makes it any easier of accomplishment. For every intellectual difficulty removed a spiritual difficulty is enhanced, but it is a difficulty whose heroic challenge calls out the power to meet it. The way of Jesus leads to the truth about Jesus, as the way of the deep leads to an understanding of the laws that control it.

II

This habit of regarding one's Christian faith as primarily sharing in the faith of the original Christian yields two further important results. It vitalizes one's religion by a dynamic leadership, and it sets the true standard of discipleship.

The Duke of Wellington, so it is related, was once listening to a group of clerics discussing the practicability of the teachings of Jesus. At length he brusquely ejaculated: "Gentlemen, what are your marching orders?" The old warrior's ideal of discipleship is not to be taken as the Christian standard. It was, indeed, from that sort of blind subserviency to authority that Christ sought to deliver his followers. Christ is not a spiritual autocrat. He seeks not satellites but companions; not slaves but freemen. And yet the Duke's military instinct sensed a vital element in effective discipleship which liberal Christianity has been too apt to understress or ignore.

A Christian is a person under orders. He is obeying the compulsion of a mighty objective. Like Luther at Worms he cries out, in sacrificial self-surrender: "God helping me, I can do no other." He is marching with an army, not simply going to school. Grant that it is voluntary enlistment, not conscription; but having enlisted, he is under orders as inexorably as the soldier who is gathered by the draft. The service is the road to larger freedom, but it is not the freedom of irresponsibility. That sense of committal is a distinctive sign of a disciple

of Christ. He shares the fortunes of a Leader greater than himself, to the fulfillment of whose enterprise he is pledged.

There is no conflict here with the loyalty to reason and conscience on which the liberal rightly insists. Christ insists on it too. He not only respects spiritual freedom; he demands it. He asks no man to abdicate the authority of his own conscience. He refuses to substitute his dogmatic coercion for a disciple's personal judgment. Rather does he release the creative energy of men's souls that they may think and act for themselves. "How think ye?" was his characteristic mode of approach. There is something exquisitely deferential in such appeal to the best in individual experience to validate his teaching.

When, for example, the lawyer, seeking to entangle Jesus in theological casuistry, asked, "Who is my neighbor?" Jesus threw the question back, after telling the immortal story. "Which of these three thinkest thou was neighbor unto him who fell among thieves?" That was more than clever debating. It voices Jesus' faith that men carried in their own hearts the answers to the deepest questions concerning God and brotherhood and duty and destiny, if they would only pay attention to them. He asked for no loyalty to him that was not loyalty to the best in themselves.

But having assented to Jesus' truth, what then? The man who conceives of his faith as sharing in the faith of the original Christian finds himself shifting the emphasis from arguing truth to using it. It is just that change of emphasis that is at the

heart of the Christian religion. It used often to be said in the early days of protest against the autocratic authority ascribed to Jesus—"the noxious exaggeration of the personality of Jesus," as Emerson termed it—that the truths of Christianity would be as true if a Hottentot had taught them. But it was not a Hottentot who taught them. It was one Jesus of Nazareth, and that made all the difference in the world. It is personality that makes truth effective, and behind the truth of Christianity is the driving power of a dynamic personality, transmuting truth into power. It was with the effectiveness of truth that Jesus was concerned, and the Christian who shares his spirit must share his concern. Under the contagion of Jesus' leadership the disciple lifts the truths of the gospel out of the theologian's laboratory and blazons them on the banner of a host singing, "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war!"

Are you enlisted in that host, eager to make that truth effective? That is Jesus' test of discipleship. He includes in his fellowship all who meet it. None are excluded because they happen to differ on questions subsidiary to it.

Jesus was very explicit about that. "He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them" builds on the enduring rock. "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?"—so does he subordinate formal homage to moral allegiance. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one toward another"—so does he put his sign-manual on his followers of every age and creed. The lovers of men share the

mind of Christ, and no lesser tests of creed or ceremony, whether orthodox or heterodox, must be set to bar them out.

Those who, like myself, profess to be liberal Christians, may well take that to heart as we exercise our creedal freedom in the theological controversies of our day. I speak, for instance, as one who interprets the story of the Virgin Birth as a poet's description of a spiritual result rather than a scientist's explanation of a biological process. If, however, a literalist more truly possesses the mind of Christ, if he more faithfully loves God and serves men, if his sacrifice for the common good is more complete and his vision of the heavenly kingdom more compelling, he is a better Christian than I am.

Here, then, is the living principle that is fusing into spiritual unity Christians of many theological varieties—the unity to which the King's Chapel week-day ministry and this volume of sermons convincingly testify. It is a fellowship so real that it needs not to be fabricated but only to be recognized and expressed. Christian unity is something more vital than an aversion to theological quarrels. There is indeed a gain for kindliness and for the amenities of civilized existence when ecclesiastical neighbors decline to quarrel. It is a greater gain when they discover the common faith that transforms acquiescent neighbors into mutual friends. For it is only a common faith that unites, not merely a fiberless tolerance or an uncontentious good nature. The larger spiritual fellowship of our day has a center of loyalty more fundamental, more powerfully inciting to sacrificial devotion, than the lesser sectarian

loyalties to which we so easily yield. That vivifying center is a common purpose to share the faith of Christ. Not until that faith in the kingdom of God and the truths it involves has become a consummation we really care for above partisan glory or denominational aggrandisement will the larger fellowship be felt to be a necessity. And until that fellowship seems necessary it will mean little more than a polite gesture, like "the distinguished consideration" which jealous diplomats accord each other in official notes. The fellowship of Christ springs not from silence concerning the creeds that separate, but from loyalty to the faith that unites.

"Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." This is a world of many spiritual tongues in which men variously utter a common vision and passion and purpose. The Church of the Living Spirit cannot limit its sympathy or fellowship to the speakers of a single provincial dialect, even though it be trying to say the greatest truth in the spiritual horizon. It is from faithful life to faithful life that the enkindling spark of Christ's fellowship passes. Its heat and passion transmute the dialects that differ into the understanding that is one. We may differently conceive of our common Master. We may believe in the victory of the kingdom of God with varying degrees of assurance, ranging from eager hope to serene confidence. But if to our faith God is Love, whom we know only as we love; if humanity is a brotherhood in which he is chief who serves most; if the only unfaith is distrust of the power of right, and the only heresy is exploiting the weakness of men; if the kingdom of God is sure

because the Divine intent is behind it, and the cause of Christ carries a pledge and potency of triumph—then any man who holds that faith can understand a fellow-believer, whatever his lips may say. They have the witness of the spirit that they are one.

Date Due

Mr 14 '50			
Ap 26 '40			
JY 27 '50			
~~JUN 1 '70~~			
[illegible]			